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BLACK HAWK AND DAVIS.

JEFFERSON DAVIS IN THE NORTHWEST.

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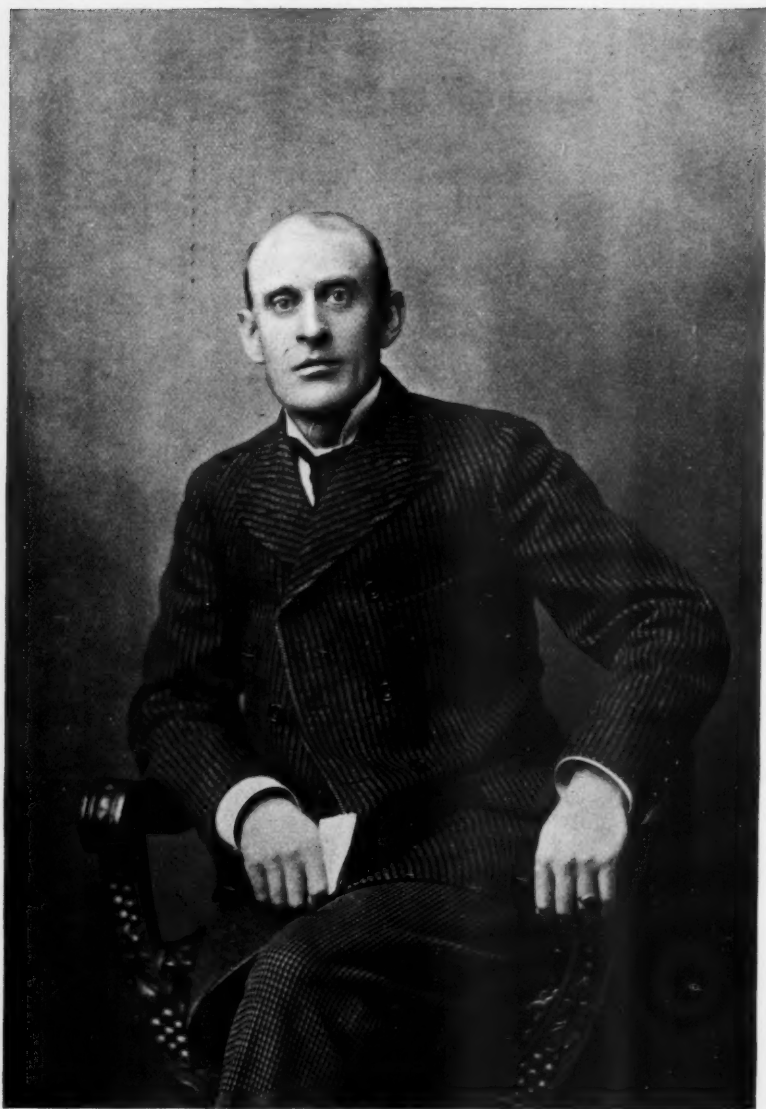
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Latest Photo, by Tabor, San Francisco.

EUGENE FIELD.

See "A Glance at Recent Western Literature," in the present number.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME V.

MAY, 1896.

NUMBER 5.

A BIT OF ITALY IN MAY.

ON LAKE COMO.

By MRS. W. F. PECK.

THE praises of Bellagio, fair Bellagio on Como, the fairest of all the Italian lakes, have been elaborately and exquisitely written by some of the great masters of prose and verse.

To the ordinary tourist who has feasted for a season upon the wonders of art and history in Rome and Florence, this quiet retreat, where "no sound of wheels or hoof-beat breaks the silence of the summer day," is hailed with joy as a land of pure enchantment; for here, under the bewitching spell of a slumberous atmosphere that invites repose, one can, in sweet communion with beautiful scenery, rest and indulge in day-dreams while con-

valescening from an attack of sight-seeing indigestion.

Lake Como in form is Y-shaped, and Bellagio—from Bi-lacus, meaning between two lakes—occupies the exact point where the branches separate. This point, rising very abruptly back of Bellagio into a bold promontory, was, according to a cherished tradition, the site of one of Pliny's favorite villas—the one called "Tragedy" by him.

There are no crumbling ruins or other evidences to mark the exact location of this historic abode, and "Baedeker," that book of books according to the modern traveler's creed, makes no mention of it.



BELLAGIO—WOODED HILL ON THE RIGHT—LAKE COMO ON THE LEFT.

The story runs that this headland—now crowned by a wealth of verdure of transcendent loveliness—was in the Fourteenth Century the site of a fortress which was a refuge for an organized clan, consisting of bloodthirsty lake pirates and all the other law-breakers and marauders that infested this part of Italy. This notable stronghold was built underground and called the Cave of Adullum, after the one to which David resorted when in trouble. The remains of something of the kind are still to be seen.

Another gruesome legend still clinging to this particular place is in effect that in an old castle once occupying it there lived a beautiful woman who was endowed with irresistible fascination. Embowered here, in the heart of a dense wilderness, she held her court, luring all the great men of the country to her abode; but jealousy being a stronger passion with her than love, if at any time the hapless victims of her wiles manifested weariness or a desire to transfer their affections to some other

charmer, this cruel siren had them taken to a ledge of rocks overhanging the lake and plunged into the water beneath. Even now, from this weirdly beautiful and sequestered spot, which is always brooded over by an ominous and oppressive silence, the unhallowed spirit of those far-off ages has not altogether departed; and if one be possessed of a supersensuous nature, while traversing the lovely, lonely, interminable walks that wind about the crest between the Como and Lecco arms of the lake, flitting across the pathways, faint shadows, projected by no visible objects, will be seen, or it may be that glimpses of ghostly apparitions gliding in and out of the low thickets will be obtained!

The lake at Bellagio is so hemmed in by mountains that it appears like a great basin without an outlet. The soft, alluring, chanting, lullaby strains of the somnolent waves in fair weather, when a storm is brewing, change into mutterings, sobs and wails as weird and sad as were ever produced by fabled lost spirit.



CADENABIA.

"I ask myself, Is this a dream?" . . . "With snow-capped peaks and bold and rugged surfaces all seamed and wrinkled by the streams that have by their resistless energy carved their own irregular channels to the lake below."



VILLA MELZI, AND PRIVATE CHAPEL.

Color in water may be like beauty, existing only in the eyes of the beholder, but as far as appearances go there are undoubted emerald days as well as sapphire days, and other days when all colors seem to be indescribably mingled; though always, with its myriads of iridescent jewels that are sparkling, skipping and dancing on its clear, smooth surface, there is a charm and a beauty about Como that peculiarly belongs to this lake alone.

Some of the mountains that frame like a setting this Como gem are proudly grand, with snow-capped peaks and bold and rugged surfaces all seamed and wrinkled by the streams that have by their resistless energy carved their own irregular channels to the lake below. Others, less ambitious, are covered with a wealth of magnificent forest trees, the dark green foliage of the chestnut and the ilex contrasting effectively with the silver gray of the olive.

The numerous groups of cypresses tapering into many a pinnacle and spire that

are silhouetted on the clear blue sky contain hints, and may have given suggestions, to the architect of the Milan Cathedral.

It is, however, with a sense of personal injury that one must contemplate the destruction of the primeval forests by the improvident Italians. If they had possessed the thrift or foresight of their Swiss neighbors, they would have protected by legislation the natural growth of trees which adds so much to the beauty of Alpine scenery. Before me on the opposite side of the lake there is a noble mountain that has been ruthlessly shorn of its greatest glory; but with the softest sunlight and the still softer shadows that cling caressingly on its furrowed brow, the misty veil of gray and purple that at times hangs over it,—almost obscuring its distant outlines,—the sunset glow that with vermilion and gold paints its ugly scars with a roseate hue, and the ever fantastic moonlight casting over mountain and lake its silvery sheen, it is an ever changing and ever entrancing picture.

At the foot of this mountain, nestling close to the water's edge, is Cadenabbia, the subject of one of Longfellow's exquisite poems. "The leafy colonnade" is still there, where he sat and, looking across the lake to Bellagio, wrote :

"I ask myself, Is this a dream?
Will it vanish into air?
Is there a land of such supreme
And perfect beauty anywhere?
Sweet vision! do not fade away
Linger until my heart shall take
Into itself the summer day,
And all the beauty of the lake."

Not least among the many attractive features of this delightful spot are the bells, — bells that ring the Angelus, the vespers, the morning mass, and all the hours of day and night. In the high, open belfry of the little village church hang three bells, not sweet and chiming nor yet wild and hoarse, but sweet, jangled, and out of tune when heard alone. It is only when the response from one of the most bewitchingly soft and liquid toned bells that hangs in San Giovanni's ancient tower, a little distance up the lake, is heard, and those of Cadenabbia and Menaggio on

the opposite shore, and all are echoed and reëchoed across the lake until the tones are softly blended, with the occasional tinkling of distant cow-bells or those attached to a solitary fisherman's net,—it is only then that the air is fairly filled with the melodious music.

In speaking of the agreeable sounds that delight the stranger in Bellagio, an acknowledgement of the gratitude and admiration which is due to that plain, shy, little songster, the nightingale, must not be omitted. Though the ancient Eastern poets have dwelt derisively upon the passionate and doleful plaintiveness of the long, quivering strains of this bird, and Virgil in rechristening it "*miserabile carmen*" reflected the same odium, in the sweet songs of our Bellagio entertainers not a single sad or melancholy note is heard.

Fashion and convenience have ordained that May is the "season" for the Italian lakes, and while Bellagio would be a charming place to visit at any other time, there is a show of reason in the decree. It is the season of the grand Carnival of



MARBLE FRIEZE BY THORVALDSEN, REPRESENTING THE TRIUMPH OF ALEXANDER,—
IN VILLA CARLOTTA.

the Roses, and it is preëminently the time when prodigal nature has brought to perfection the bounteous profusion of foliage and flower that flourishes in tropical luxuriance in this climate. It is worth a journey to see one of Bellagio's lofty, expansive, leafy roofs, which are constructed of rose branches so closely intertwined that they are "impervious to sun and rain." The branches start from the trunks of rose trees that are of sufficient size and strength to serve as supporting columns, and when this structure with its bewildering masses of blossoms is viewed from an upper-story window, it looks like an immense hanging rose garden.

It is too early for Switzerland and too late for Southern Italy, and so by the middle of May the surging tide of traveling humanity sets in here, and the magnificent and spacious hotels are filled to overflowing. There are a few of nearly all kinds of people who come and go, but the regular stayers are mostly American tourists and the ubiquitous English. Bellagio is in fact a veritable paradise for the highly respectable, matter-of-fact Briton, for there is positively nothing to interfere with his taking his pleasures sadly, after the approved English custom.

But aside from the modern hotels that were built by syndicated English capitalists, and which are, it must be conceded, very much in evidence, perhaps Bellagio has almost wholly resisted "the deadly impression of the tourist's cloven foot,"—so deeply deplored by Crawford,—a condition fastened upon so many of the world's beauty spots. The lake, the blue sky, the mountains, the gray, dilapidated buildings that cannot even boast of ancient grandeur, the quaint simplicity of the architecture of the weather-stained churches, the walled lanes and rude shrines, the strange quiet, and, above all, the enveloping air of reminiscence and pathos, are not disturbed by the frequent invasions of foreign visitors.

Besides rowing, a favorite indulgence, the one great temptation to dissipation afforded by Bellagio, is the shops. With the beguiling array of tortoise

shell fashioned into exquisite personal adornments, articles of carved olive wood skillfully and ingeniously contrived, gayly colored rugs and Roman scarfs, softest silks Oriental in beauty and brilliancy, all turned out of doors, invitingly displayed, and open to inspection,—no one seems to resist the mania for buying. The antiquity shops filled with paintings, candelabra, and other altar ornaments from the poverty-stricken churches, and rare old cobwebby laces from the vestments of priestly robes are among the attractions, and tourists of a few days or a few hours depart laden with parcels from these booths. Women are by no means guiltless of excesses in this line, yet, as a rule, men are more susceptible to the fascinations of the displays and are not so discriminating.

A few days ago an American gentleman, who spent less than half a day here, was seen to buy three rugs, three scarfs, one-half dozen silk caps, two souvenir paper cutters, two sets of carved asparagus forks, two of salad, a lot of carved boxes, besides a great lot of other useless trinkets, in only a little more time than it takes to write about it. The buying fever fairly raged, and it is fair to conclude that he left Bellagio without much more knowledge of its unique natural attractions than he had before he came.

Far up the stone-paved, many-stepped, narrow, sinuous street leading from the rear of one of the hotels, the rhythmic sound of the lathe and the shuttle may be heard. Following the sound, the writer entered one of the many dingy buildings where young girls were engaged in the manufacture of the famous Bellagio rugs. There is also a small factory here that engages in this industry, but the spinning, dyeing and weaving of these rugs is essentially a home industry.

A tiny, sad-eyed girl, quite oblivious to the presence of a stranger, sat spooling bobbins; a larger one at a hand-loom was deftly plying the swift-flying shuttle, while another was carding, brushing, and pressing with a hot iron—the final touches that complete the rugs.

Here, too, are the little workshops where is done the cutting, carving and fashioning of the exquisite articles of wood that are sold in the shops below.

The villas of the Italian lake land have for many decades enjoyed a reputation for magnificence which is only rivaled by the marble palaces of Venice. The rare combination of wealth and artistic culture that united forces in the luxurious period of the Renaissance and gave to the world magnificent cathedrals has here, on the borders of this beautiful lake, found expression in many a splendid architectural creation, though to one whose taste has been formed on the modern, many-gabled Queen Anne fad, the architecture of an Italian villa is a disappointment. The rigid severity of the unbroken outlines of the exterior, the uniform size and style of the windows, and the flat roof, while pre-

senting a structure symmetrical and harmonious in design, are, according to the modern ideas, so lacking in variety as to forfeit all claims to beauty.

Among the many notable villas in this immediate vicinity, Melzi, here, and Carlotta, on the opposite side of the lake, are the only ones accessible to visitors.

The owner and occupant of Villa Melzi, whose ancestors repose in solemn state in splendid marble tombs in the private chapel on the estate, is amiable enough to admit strangers on two days of the week; while Carlotta is open daily after nine o'clock in the morning. An insignificant admission fee of one franc, which simply pays for the guide, is all the remuneration asked.

In the superb marble hall of Villa Carlotta there is a marble frieze representing the Triumph of Alexander, by Thorvald-



CUPID AND PSYCHE, BY CANOVA — IN THE CARLOTTA COLLECTION.

sen. It is not only interestingly beautiful, but it cost originally a fabulous sum of money and is now of almost priceless value. Prominent among the art treasures of the Carlotta collection is that justly popular marble, *Cupid and Psyche*, by Canova. It is easily the most beautiful production of its kind in modern sculpture.

There is plenty of interesting history connected with this celebrated villa which is now, through the vicissitudes of fortune, in the possession of a foreign duke.

The ancestors of Duca di Melzi, the present proprietor of Villa Melzi, have in unbroken succession been its owners for nearly a century. The family has always been possessed of great wealth and it numbers among its former members renowned statesmen, artists and men of letters.

It is especially noted in the family annals that Francisco Melzi was an art pupil and the life-long and devoted friend of Leonardo da Vinci. It was to the home of this friend that the artist fled when distracted by the impatience and conflicting requirements of the monks during the ten years that were consumed in painting the *Last Supper* upon the refectory wall of the convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie, at Milan.

Villa Melzi, with its extensive surrounding gardens, is hidden away from the curious eyes of the town by a high stone wall, but it is in full view from the lake. The same retrospective air, the same tranquillity and brooding melancholy, reign as completely and impress one as distinctly within as without this enclosure. The villa contains the usual complement of rare art works; among them is to be found a bust of Michael Angelo, by himself.

In the garden numerous pieces of statuary of great merit have been placed. No less an artist than Canova is represented by two marbles, one a colossal bust of



DANTE AND BEATRICE.
In the garden of Villa Melzi.

Madame Lætitia, mother of Napoleon, and the other a bust of the Empress Josephine. The beautiful group *Dante and Beatrice*, about which critics have written many complimentary words, stands close to the water's edge.

But, as sumptuous as the art decorations of this garden are, the real embarrassment of riches begins with the marvelous creations of that incomparable artist, Nature, everywhere to be seen. Even to attempt to give an idea of the opulence of this exhibit would be to exhaust all the descriptive adjectives and then not tell half the truth. New beauties and fresh surprises await one at every turn. Here is the sweet honeysuckle, clambering over walls in its own wild, capricious way and filling the air with the fragrance of its blossoms, now in perfection. Here are hedges of wisteria, with graceful purple pendants drooping over

until they fairly kiss the ground; myrtle trees that are brilliant with scarlet flowers, magnolias in all their regal splendor, majestic palms, magnificent pines and other evergreens, gigantic aloes, while the English ivy is running riot everywhere, trailing on the ground and carpeting it with a thick mass of glossy, dark green foliage. Untrained and unrestrained, it wantonly spreads itself over stone walls many feet in height; it climbs, festoons, drapes and droops over the arches that lead to the artificial grottoes; it covers bridges and trunks of great trees — everywhere evincing amazing energy and exuberance.

If, however, one grows weary of the sensations evoked by the beautiful in Bellagio and wishes to change the emotions, it may be quickly done, for within a stone's throw of the fine hotels there is another picture very different, one that at first is interesting because of its novelty

but, when viewed day after day, becomes inexpressibly sad. On the sloping, stony parapet leading into this beautiful lake a dozen or more women of all sizes and ages take their places and, from early dawn till dusk, with bared heads and backs bent over, they soap and rub and splash and rinse the murky garments that compose their respective family wardrobes.

Not in the same degree as in Southern Italy, where the exhibitions of poverty are appalling, but here also, in the many picturesque villages that burrow into the neighboring mountain sides or dot the landscape on the fair borders of Como, one is brought face to face, not only with destitution and misery, but with what is more distressing, a thriftless, spiritless, ambitionless people. In the words of Goldsmith — if they are remembered correctly — man seems the only growth that dwindles here.

TWILIGHT.

FORTH from the golden ways of sunset land
Comes slowly, softly down a fair, sweet child,
With dreamy, tender eyes of brooding gray,
With ways so gentle yet so shy and wild,
Trailing her robes of grayish amethyst
Over the fields the setting sun has kissed.

Dipping her fingers in the misty clouds,
She sprinkles all the sleepy, thirsty flowers
With shining dewdrops, grateful, clear and cool,
And drapes the shadows o'er the woodland bowers.
Quaint shapes grotesque wander the meadows o'er
And enter silently the open door.

Twin spirits, Toil and Turmoil, flee away,
Abashed to greet this sweet and silent guest;
A quiet hush of tender, holy calm
Whispers of peace and sweet, refreshing rest.
Welcome, sweet one, with eyes of brooding gray,
Child of the darksome night and sunny day!

Mary Morrison.

SOME ATTRACTIONS OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

By W. W. GIST.

THE Hudson has a beauty that is its own. The majestic river, the magnificent Palisades and the places of historic interest have a charm for every sight-seer, and yet that whole region is all the more interesting because Irving has drawn attention to many of its attractions and with an artist's touch has painted some of its fascinating scenery. Many a place of real beauty has failed to attract wide attention because its charms have not been made known by one who has the artist's appreciation of grandeur.

Many who have genuine admiration for the broad prairies of the Middle-West, teeming with grain white for the harvest, are content with a utilitarian view of the subject. They think that the attractiveness of this region in its physical aspect

should be measured alone by the beauty of its prairies, the fertility of its soil, its pure and sparkling rivers, and its healthful climate. They overlook the fact that the Middle-West has not a few places where the scenery is picturesque in the extreme and where there are elements of beauty upon which the eye may feast with delight. Especially is this true of the country bordering upon the Upper Mississippi. Everyone that has seen much of the Father of Waters has been impressed with the contrast between the scenery of the Upper Mississippi and that of the Lower Mississippi. For hundreds of miles above the mouth of the river the people are in fear lest the water should break the embankment and carry destruction in its pathway. On the Upper Mis-



LANSING, LOOKING SOUTH FROM MOUNT HOSMER.



VIEW OF THE MISSISSIPPI FROM MOUNT HOSMER IN TIME OF HIGH WATER.

Mississippi nature has provided embankments as grand as those of any river in the world. Whether, in the remote ages of the past, the Father of Waters was a tiny stream, laughing and dancing through the bluffs of the upper midland region, wearing away the hillsides so as to make a broad river channel to the Gulf, is a question which must be referred to the geologist, and he can only guess at the answer. Whether, in the nearer ages, before the Indian had been disturbed by the approach of the white man, this same stream was a mighty torrent fully three miles wide, is another question with which the scientist alone can grapple.

Certain it is that for many miles the Upper Mississippi is guarded on either side by rugged bluffs, rising in places to the height of four hundred feet and more. The valley between these two lines of bluffs is about three miles in width. For some distance the river hugs the bluffs on one side and a few miles farther down it

swings over to the other side. At the northern boundary of Iowa and the southern boundary of Minnesota the river is scarcely more than a third of a mile wide. In places the river bottoms are fertile, arable lands, but in other places they are much cut up with lakes, bayous, inlets and swamps. The bluffs on either side are rugged, massive, picturesque. At short intervals there are breaks and depressions in the hills that look as if they had been made by the action of water through the centuries. Occasionally the line of bluffs is divided by a beautiful little valley that extends down to the river and gradually narrows as it runs back among the hills. Many towns in this region are most attractively situated and are famous for their beauty. This is particularly true of Dubuque and McGregor, in Iowa, Prairie du Chien and La Crosse, in Wisconsin, and Winona, in Minnesota, not to mention many other towns of minor importance.

A nearer glance at a representative village will give some idea of the country in general and of the towns in particular. In one of the small cañons so numerous in the long line of bluffs is situated the picturesque little town of Lansing, on the west side of the river. The valley itself is a thing of beauty. It is scarcely a third of a mile wide at the mouth, and gradually grows narrower as it recedes from the river. The hills on either side are high and rugged and, as we look upon them at the close of a day in August, they are covered with a beautiful carpet of green. Through the valley flows a small stream, fed by springs of pure sparkling water that gush out from the hillsides. Though it is small, it affords water power for two mills, the hum of whose machinery is a pleasant diversion in the quiet retreat. The valley is unusually fertile and there are numerous fields of grain that give promise of an abundant harvest.

Glancing ahead of us, we see a hill that seems to stand exactly in our pathway. We conclude that the valley runs up against the hill and suddenly stops. As we draw nearer we see our mistake. The valley divides into two parts and the hill stands between them like a lone sentinel. The hills seem to be lower than they were at the river, while in fact they are higher. The little valley has been rising, and is soon lost entirely.

The highest and most attractive hill adjacent to Lansing bears the somewhat pretentious name of Mount Hosmer. It is just north of town and its summit is three hundred and fifty feet above the river. It is difficult to climb and the views from the top of it are magnificent. Looking to the south, the sight-seer has a fine view of the Mississippi for many miles, the rugged bluffs on the Wisconsin side, Mount Ida just south of town, almost the entire village, and the charming



A BEND IN THE MISSISSIPPI, SOUTH OF LANSING—A RAFT ON ITS WAY DOWN THE RIVER.

little valley threading its way through the hills to the west. There is an endless variety of scenery and the eye never grows weary of the sight.

This noted hill received its name from Harriet Hosmer, the distinguished sculptor. In an early day she was traveling in the West for her health. The steamboat landed at Lansing, and, noting the high bluff before her, she proposed to the clerk a race to the top of it. She succeeded in accomplishing the difficult feat, and the hill has since been known as Mount Hosmer.

Mount Ida is situated south of town and is nearly as picturesque as Mount Hosmer. One ledge of rocks on this hill is known as Lover's Leap. Almost every village that has even a hillock near at hand has a Lover's Leap. In fact, lovers everywhere are very prone to make leaps. Once in a great while they are foolish enough to jump from a precipice, but

most of them are content simply to take a leap into — the dark.

Unlike many of the towns of the Upper Mississippi, Lansing has a most attractive street running parallel with the river. While the sides of Mount Hosmer are exceedingly precipitous most of the way, the angle of descent is much less as the river is approached. Close to the river is the Chicago & Milwaukee Railroad. Just above this is Front Street. Above this is a line of neat residences with terraced lawns in front. The prospect from these homes is fine, and residents never tire watching the passing steamboats and the swifter traffic of the railroad. The great rafts of logs and lumber that float by continue to be objects of interest. In fact, many of them are great floating lumberyards, and they mean an amount of commerce that few realize. While the writer was there one floated by which is believed to be the largest that ever went down the



LONE ROCK, OVERLOOKING THE MISSISSIPPI.



FORT CRAWFORD.

river. It contained seven million feet of lumber. A knight of the quill took time to make the calculation that it would take a train of cars four and a half miles long to transport it. Many of those vast rafts have to be divided at some of the bends of the river where the water is shallow. Just now Uncle Sam is spending a large amount of money to keep the Upper Mississippi navigable. The average citizen cannot help wondering how long this will be advisable.

The places of historic interest along the river are numerous. One small village on the Wisconsin side is called De Soto, from the tradition that the body of the great explorer was sunk in the river opposite to it. There seems to be no reason whatever for the tradition. A few miles above this village is the famous battlefield of Bad Axe, where Black Hawk and his warriors were completely overthrown in 1832. The fight itself was a very small affair, but the victory was nevertheless an event of considerable importance. Black Hawk was a man of marked personality, and was one of the ablest chiefs that ever directed the affairs

of the Indians. The Winnebagoes captured the proud chief and delivered him to the whites, thus ending a troublesome war and compelling concessions that hastened the settlement of the regions adjacent to the Mississippi.

Some of the Winnebagoes still remain in the region of the famous battleground. In the summer they live in wigwams on the numerous islands of the river and make frequent trips to the adjacent villages to barter and trade. A very few of them can read and write and have imbibed something of civilization. The most of them live in primitive style and refuse to be a part of the busy, stirring scenes about them. They care for nothing but present necessities, and these are not numerous. An Indian canoe on the river is still a common sight in summer.

At Prairie du Chien there are still some ruins indicating that it was a military outpost in the early part of the century. Old Fort Crawford has more than a passing interest for the visitor from the fact that at one time Jefferson Davis was its commandant. Little did Robert Anderson, Abraham Lincoln or Jefferson Davis real-

ize the mighty possibilities of the Mississippi Valley while they were serving as obscure soldiers in the Black Hawk War, and little did they dream of the awful conflict in which they were to be conspicuous leaders in the next generation!

What a wonderful sight it must have been on that June day, 1673, when Marquette and Joliet in their light birch canoes glided out of the Wisconsin River into the Mississippi! Rugged and picturesque bluffs met their gaze as they turned their eyes to the west, and everything was fresh from the hand of nature. They little realized how much of beauty and wealth lay beyond the hills. What a sight the prairies of Iowa and Illinois must have presented on that midsummer

morning, with the tall wild grass sparkling with the early dew and the wild flowers growing in profusion. The vastness of the unbroken prairies would soon tire one accustomed to the wilder scenery of mountain regions. There would be little variety as the eye took in the extensive landscape. Occasionally one would see a vast herd of buffalo that would excite wonder, and the lithe and graceful form of the deer or the antelope would please and delight. Here and there one would see an Indian village very similar to the Indian villages of to-day.

Those enterprising Frenchmen, if they were lovers of beauty, must have been deeply moved by the scenery of the Upper Mississippi in that early day. The sight is not less inspiring now.



THE FIRST SPOT IN IOWA SEEN BY JOLIET AND MARQUETTE, THE DISCOVERERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.



JULIA MARLOWE TABOR AS JULIET.

*England and Italy their choicest tribute sent,—
Brain of the North, heart of the sunny clime,—
Each from its richest, rarest treasure lent
Ideal beauties which, in union blent.
Might, as a type of womanhood sublime,
Inspire the world until the end of time.*

*Ah, Juliet, Juliet, thou art such an one,
Though but a poet's fancy wrought thy fame!
Fair, not in feature nor in form alone,
Thy imaged womanhood far fairer shone;
To this cold earth thy summer sunshine came
And quickened all with love's immortal flame.*

*A Western world brings choicer tribute yet,
This living, longing, loving Juliet!*

George William Gerwig.



MRS. FREMONT AT HOME.

BY MARY A. KIRKUP.

IN THE restful environment of the City of Angels, passing the afternoon of her days amid surroundings almost ideal, dwells the one-time brilliant queen of official society, a woman whose greatest pride is that she shared the life and bears the name of the path-finder, John Charles Frémont.

While we sat visiting in the library of a Los Angeles friend, Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont was announced. A black-robed figure entered,—not tall but giving the impression of stateliness, bearing the burden of seventy years and the affliction of deafness with grace and dignity. Pleasantly assuring us that when she wore her gloves it was to be considered an official call, she welcomed us to the land and city of which she is so justly proud.

The Frémont cottage is one of the "points of interest" in Los Angeles. All tourists drive or ride out on "The Electric" during their stay, and many take the liberty of seeking admittance and an introduction to the household. Everyone who comes is given a kindly welcome by Madam herself or her daughter, and everyone goes away with a spray of orange blossoms, or a perfect rose, given freely from the ever abundant bloom of the garden, feeling that more fragrant and more perfect has been the hospitality of these ladies.

The Frémont cottage was a gift from the ladies of Los Angeles. In this pleasant home mother and daughter live comfortably and attractively, but there is no

luxury in the Frémont household, except the luxury Madam allows herself of taking her breakfast in bed, a memory of more opulent days abroad and a privilege she has well earned.

Entering the home by a porch covered with wisteria and heliotrope, a beautiful orange tree guarding the eastern end, we find ourselves in a hall which runs through the house to the rear. On the right is the reception and sitting room, on the left the dining room. The former is full of pictures and bric-a-brac. Upon the wall hangs a portrait of General Frémont, painted a few years ago by the artist Borgeum, a young man of talent in whose future Mrs. Frémont firmly believes. Several of his paintings hang on her walls; one of an old cypress tree is full of feeling. By the side of the grand old General, with his snow-white hair and brilliant eyes, is the semblance of a beautiful young woman. The elegance of the olden time, the self-poise which comes from true purity of heart, the sensitive intelligence of every feature,—these are some of the characteristics of Mrs. Frémont at thirty. On a table stands a bust of the portrait's original, made in '93, after a severe illness. I cannot think the artist has made a perfect success of the head, though many consider it fine. The features are all there, the expression is natural, but the face looks worn and aged. One misses that look of life and energy which animates Mrs. Frémont's every feature and often gives to her face

Joe Teahum.

more than the charm of youth. On the opposite wall hangs a fine wood-engraving of a buffalo hunt, made from a daguerreotype taken on the plains by the General, and probably the first of all those "photographs by our artist on the spot," which have been followed by hundreds of thousands. The dining room has a frieze of conventionalized oranges; and all through the house we are constantly reminded by some decoration, some souvenir, that we are in the Golden State. Ascending the stairs the rooms above are plainly finished in the rough plaster so popular in Southern California. Mrs. Frémont has a bed-room and small study; Miss Frémont, a pretty room across the hall.

Mrs. Frémont has an ardent love for all beauty in art or nature, but her especial delight is Nature as she reigns in Southern California, with unchanging smiles, a glorious monotony. "If I could only take you to Santa Monica and set you and your easel down before a hedge of La France roses I know, springing high against the blue background of the placid Pacific, that would be a rose picture which would astonish the flower painters of the Eastern cities, would it not?"

We had expected to leave without visit-

ing Mt. Lowe, but the kind interest of the Frémonts persuaded us to take the trip at the eleventh hour. The electric car glided off from the station, ascending and ascending in gradual curves, over fields velvet with orange poppies, over ravines deep and rocky,—up, up, until the cañon was reached, the beginning of the end. The electric motor thence rises almost perpendicularly in the air, sixty feet to the hundred is the ascent on one section of the road, where, looking above, we saw under the returning car, the blue sky. If the going up is awe-inspiring, what of the down-coming! White and trembling was my companion; I held my breath until the station was reached. "How grand! So glad we went! I couldn't be *hired* to go again, could you?"

Yet Mrs. Frémont has head and nerves strong enough to enjoy this ride without a tremor.

She has by no means lost her interest in the social and political world. I discovered one evening that she was emphatically opposed to the "New Woman" as representing political rights or privileges. We found her indignant over the fact that the woman suffragists of California had used her name without consulting her



RESIDENCE OF MRS. FREMONT IN LOS ANGELES.

or finding out her real feelings in the matter. A woman of character so strong, impressing her personality on all who come in contact with her, especially upon her own family, so evidently made to rule and guide,—surely she would favor equal rights for women! But this is a world of surprises. Mrs. Frémont based her arguments on the emotional nature of women, unfitting them for such serious

vigorous looks the handsome husband! How coquettishly the light folds of the wife's silk gown fall away from the pretty feet, resting on a low bench! How full of prosperity and true *camaraderie* is the little engraving, filled with the soft light of Autumn! One involuntarily contrasts these somber days of waiting with those other days when youthful hope and satisfied love made life a joy.



MRS. FREMONT'S RECEPTION ROOM.

work as law-making. Refuting the arguments of a gracious hostess places one at a disadvantage and, as the opposing party was about to retire from the field, Miss Frémont adroitly changed the subject.

In one of the rooms I noted a little picture from a photograph of Mrs. Frémont and her General in the gardens at West Point, taken some time in the Sixties, while the distinguished subjects were not aware that they were the objects of—not exactly a “snap shot,” but what answered to that thirty years ago. How

“O Death in Life, the days that are no more.”

“My dear,” said one bright woman to another, whose losses were of more recent date, “we now belong to the ‘have beens.’” To belong to the “have beens”—what must the expression mean to this gifted woman, as she feels the shadows of the Sunlight Land deepening around her! Memories, beautiful memories are her constant companions. That unique Southern life, now passed into history almost as completely as the days of “good Queen Bess,” was the environ-

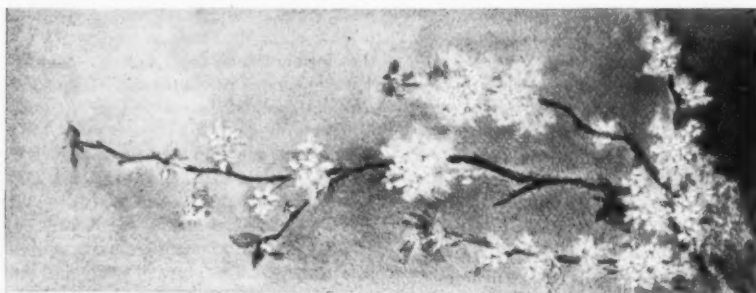
ment which developed her glad young womanhood. The first love and the love of a lifetime one and the same; the new strong life of the Far West, when it was indeed an El Dorado; the gay official days when Mrs. Frémont opened balls, gave receptions, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form"; the months abroad; a reception at the court of Eugénie; tea with the Queen of Holland; the hospitality of royalty received with the unconscious grace which makes a true American woman able to stand before princes,—how the memories throng and beguile the weary hours! "Sad the days that are no more," but far sadder the days that "might have been." There are no "might have beens" in this woman's life. Mistaken was the French poet who penned these lines:

"There is a thing sadder than being poor, it
Is to have been rich;
Sadder than being plain, to have been
pretty;

Sadder than being scorned, to have been
loved;
Sadder than being unknown, to be forgot-
ten."

To be remembered for all the good the riches have done, though they are flown now; to have inspired such admiring affection as this (from a mutual friend): "How well I remember her, as she opened the ball in New York City, when I was a young girl; those brilliant eyes, bright cheeks, abundant hair, even then a lovely gray, set in black velvet and diamonds." To have known the love of such a man as General Frémont; with him to have helped make history and extend the boundaries of our country,—these are glorious memories. With the results of their trials and victories all around her, she can see of the work of her hand and be satisfied.

"Often glad no more,
She wears a face of joy, because
She has been glad of yore."



AWAKENING.

LET my dead past bury its dead—
She loves me and I love her!—
Golden vistas glow ahead,
Yesterday becomes a blur.

Love has wrought in wondrous ways!
Joy I dared not hope is here;
Pass, old sorrow; soul, give praise—
Hark! her step is coming near!

—Selden L. Whitcomb.

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND BLACK HAWK.

BY CHARLES ALDRICH.*

IT IS interesting to hear or read the opinions two notable men entertain of each other, even down in this lower sphere of ordinary life, where the "mould will gather upon their memories" as soon as death shall close their careers; but vastly more so when, from the accidents of birth, circumstances, or great abilities, they have become historic characters, or—as Abraham Lincoln so happily expressed the thought—have not been able to "escape history." How Jefferson Davis regarded Black Hawk, the great Indian chieftain of this midland country, I had the rare opportunity of hearing from his own lips. What the dusky Spartan thought of Jefferson Davis—then (1832) a lieutenant in the old regular army, and one of his captors—is set down in his interesting autobiography, which was dictated to Antoine Le Claire, of Davenport, and by him translated into fairly readable English. (I am tempted to say right here, that Le Claire himself deserves a more elaborate biography than will ever be written, for, in addition to many other marked and excellent qualities, he was one of the men who helped develop that high financial standing which the State of Iowa acquired in the days of the peerless old State Bank and which she has maintained even unto this day.)

The reader may not have surmised it, but I have been in a moderate way an autograph collector, one of that queer species almost literally flayed alive by Thomas Carlyle, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Horace Greeley, saying nothing of the objurgations of a somewhat lesser man here and there, like Julian Hawthorne, or the Prince of Wales. I tried, however, to give away my collection, and thus "get shut" of this folly; but when, in 1884, the Judges of the Supreme Court accepted it as a gift to the State of Iowa, good old Judge Beck put his hand on my

shoulder and said: "Now, Aldrich, we want you to consider this only a beginning. Go ahead, and keep this Collection growing; and it will come to something one of these days." In a moment of weakness I consented, and made a promise to that effect; and that is how I am to be accounted for at this time. I then became, as nearly as my nature will admit, a real Collector—buying good things when they could be had in no other legitimate way; but for the most part doing my work by solicitation—or "begging," as Reuben G. Thwaites, the accomplished and most successful Wisconsin Historical Secretary and author, more plainly puts it.

About two years before the death of Jefferson Davis, I visited New Orleans for a brief winter outing. I had expressed a wish to meet Mr. Davis,—having in view the matter of obtaining for our Collections some specimen of his handwriting,—and my good friend, General George W. Jones of Dubuque, had given me a very kind letter of introduction to "General Davis," as he called him. These two men had been school-boys together at the old Transylvania University of Kentucky, where a lasting friendship sprang up between them. The lapse of years and the vicissitudes of politics and civil war only drew them closer and closer together.

Arriving one pleasant day at the little, old, unpainted station house at Beauvoir, I walked out to the residence of the chief of the Southern Confederacy. The house stands thirty rods or more from the beach of Mississippi Sound,—isolated, secluded, and surrounded by grand old trees, from which long streamers of gray Southern moss sway in the breeze.

My letter of introduction secured for me the kindest and most cordial welcome. I remained under this hospitable roof from 10:30 A. M. until 5 P. M., when the

*Curator, Historical Department of Iowa.

train returned to New Orleans. I never passed a half-day more pleasantly and profitably. Mr. Davis was a man of universal, cyclopedic information, as refined and gentle in his manners as was Cardinal Newman. I never met a more brilliant converser. He seemed very bright and cheerful, though I thought there was just a shade of sadness in his expression. His health was not very firm at that time, and this may have accounted for it. He seemed to be in a calm and philosophic frame of mind, and to be bearing up wonderfully in the face of his many misfortunes. He had an admirably selected library of several hundred volumes, many fine oil paintings and engravings, and much *bric-a-brac*, many items of which possess historic interest. He seemed especially proud of two small paintings or drawings by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and a small oil portrait of Stonewall Jackson. One large portrait had a hole through the canvass, made, as he stated, by the bayonet of a Federal soldier.

I made an inquiry about the islands which lay a few miles out. Replying, he said they were visible from the beach, suggesting that we walk down where we could see them. He put on a broad-brimmed, soft hat, and, taking a long staff to assist him in walking, we started out. The wind was rather high and somewhat chilly, but we went to the shore, where we could plainly see the cordon of low-lying islands five or six miles away, inside of which the water is a shallow sound. He was most observant of all the phenomena of nature, with the readiest information concerning the trees, plants, animals and birds. He was so devoid of pretension or assumption, so plain in dress, that it seemed difficult to realize he was the same Jefferson Davis who fills so large a place in history. I had seen him in the United States Senate years before, when his hair was but little tinged with gray. Through the kindness of Senator Harlan of Iowa, I occupied "standing-room" within a few feet of Mr. Davis while he was making one of

his great and memorable speeches—a bitter reply to remarks of Stephen A. Douglas. Their relations were anything but cordial. He was not by any means "a Douglas Democrat."

Mr. Davis spoke in greatest kindness of Horace Greeley, who had become his bondsman at the termination of his imprisonment in Fortress Monroe. He had had no personal acquaintance with Mr. Greeley, who was far removed from him in sympathy and action, only having seen him once on the street in Washington, years before, when someone had pointed him out. He met Mr. Greeley some time after this generous act,—for which the New York *Tribune* philosopher was most bitterly cursed by thousands throughout the North,—taking occasion to express his heartfelt thanks and his deep sense of obligation.

In the matter of the manuscript—did I get it? As a matter of course! I told him that any page or two, with his signature, would suffice for our purpose. He might give me one already written, or copy anything else. Taking up a volume of his "Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy," he turned to the last page—the "Conclusion"—which contained an epitome of his ideas upon the whole subject—a boiling-down into brief space of the doctrine of secession. When I had read it, he asked:

"Do you think the people of Iowa would allow that to be placed in your Collection and remain there?"

I replied: "The people of Iowa will tolerate anything from the pen of Mr. Davis by which he chooses to be represented." Without a word he rose and started for the hall, looking back as he was disappearing and bidding me amuse myself in the library. After the absence of perhaps a half-hour in his study, which was in a separate adjacent building, he returned and handed me the manuscript—a page and a half of foolscap paper, containing the "Conclusion," signed "Jefferson Davis." It is in a clear, bold, plain hand, showing little of the tremu-



JEFFERSON DAVIS AT 32.
From an old engraving in the Aldrich Collection, Historical
Department of Iowa.

lousness of age.* (One man did remark to me, soon after I placed it in the case, that he would like to destroy it, "with every other Rebel manuscript and portrait." No other instance of like displeasure and narrowness between the eyes has ever come to my knowledge,—and it is there yet.) I have quite a number of engraved portraits of Mr. Davis, but not a single one does justice to his looks or expression. I have never seen a really good likeness of him as he was in the prime of life, with the exception of a small photograph taken in 1860, and which is now in our Collections.

While looking at the book referred to above, one of his original proof-sheets with corrections by his own hand fell to the floor. He picked it up and tore it into two pieces, when I asked to be allowed to keep it. "Oh," said he, "it is of no consequence." But I value it as showing the style of his work, and some Southern visitors have expressed great

*The editor of THE MIDLAND has had the concluding page of the manuscript engraved to accompany this article.

pleasure in seeing it. To them it is a rare and interesting souvenir of their great hero and statesman.

I was deeply interested in Mr. Davis's conversation. He mentioned his service in the United States Army at Dubuque, remarking that he was often sent out west of that point in command of scouting parties, for the purpose of watching the Indians.

"How far were you in the habit of going?" I asked. "Often to the Maquoketa River, or about as far as we could march and return the same day."

He well remembered many old white settlers in the region of Dubuque and Jackson Counties, asking whether I knew or had ever heard of such or such a man. I urged him to write his recollections of men and events in early Iowa—the materials for the history of

which are exceedingly meager—for I knew that no man then living had more knowledge than had he of that region at that early day. He spoke at some length of the Indians, and of the Black Hawk War, in which he had borne a conspicuous part.

Touching this last matter he became animated and eloquent, paying a magnificent tribute to the Indian chief, Black Hawk—

"and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise.
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

He said in substance if not in words:

"We were one day pursuing the Indians, when we came close to the Wisconsin River. Reaching the river bank the Indians made so determined a stand, and fought with such desperation, that they held us in check. During this time the squaws tore bark from the trees, with which they made little shallops, in which they floated their papooses and other impedimenta across to an island, also swimming over the ponies. As soon as this was accomplished, half of the warriors



BLACK HAWK.

From an old colored lithograph in McKenney and Hall's "History of the Indian Tribes," (1838) in the Aldrich Collection, Historical Department of Iowa.

plunged in and swam across, each holding his gun in one hand over his head and swimming with the other. As soon as they reached the opposite bank they also opened fire upon us, under cover of which the other half slipped down the bank and swam over in like manner. This," said Mr. Davis, "was the most brilliant exhibition of military tactics that I ever witnessed—a feat of most consummate management and bravery, in

the face of an enemy of greatly superior numbers. I never read of anything that could be compared with it. Had it been performed by white men, it would have been immortalized as one of the most splendid achievements in military history."

Of this same fight, and how he and his braves retreated to the island, Black Hawk speaks in his book. On page 107 he says: "Neapope (an Indian sub-chief),

My first object in this work was to prove, by historical authority, that each of the States, as sovereign parties to the compact of Union, had the reasons proper to decide from its wisdom it should be found not to answer the ends for which it was established. If this has been done, it follows that the war was, on the part of the United States Government, one of aggression and usurpation, and, on the part of the South, mis for the defence of an inherent, inalienable right.

My next purpose was to show, by the gallantry and devotion of the Southern people, in their unequal struggle, how thorough was their conviction of the justice of their cause; that, by their humanity to the wounded and captured, they proved themselves the country descendants of chivalric sires, and fit to be free; and that in every case, as when our army invaded Pennsylvania, by their respect for private rights, their morality and observance of the laws of civilized war, they are entitled to the confidence and regard of mankind.

The want of space has compelled me to omit a notice of many noble deeds, both of heroic men and women. The roll of honor, merely, would fill more than the pages allotted to this work. To others, who can say, *cuncta quorum vidi*, I must leave the pleasant task of paying the tribute due to their associates patriots.

In asserting the right of secession, it has not been my wish to invite to its exercise: I recognize the fact that the war showed it to be impracticable, but this did not prove it to be wrong; and, now

that it may not be again attempted, and that the Union may promote the general welfare, it is needless that the truth, the whole truth, should be known, so that crimination and recrimination may forever cease, and then, on the basis of fraternity and faithful regard for the rights of the States, there may be written on the arch of the Union, *etæto perpetua*.

11

Jefferson Davis

FACSIMILE OF THE LAST PAGE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS'S "RISE AND FALL OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY."

From the Aldrich Collection, Historical Department of Iowa.

with a party of twenty, remained in our rear, to watch for the enemy, whilst we were proceeding to the Wisconsin with our women and children. We arrived, and had commenced crossing over to an island, when we discovered a large body of the enemy coming towards us. We were now compelled to fight, or sacrifice our wives and children to the fury of the whites. I met them with fifty warriors (having left the balance to assist our women and children in crossing) about a mile from the river, when an attack immediately commenced. I was mounted on a fine horse, and was pleased to see my warriors so brave. I addressed them in a loud voice, telling them to stand their ground and never yield it to the enemy. At this time I was on the rise of a hill, where I wished to form my warriors, that we might have some advantage over the whites. But the enemy succeeded in gaining this point, which compelled us to fall into a deep ravine, from which we continued firing at them and they at us, until it began to grow dark. My horse having been wounded twice during this engagement, and fearing from his loss of blood that he would soon give out, and finding that the enemy would not come near enough to receive our fire, in the dusk of the evening, and knowing that our women and children had had sufficient time to reach the island in the Wisconsin, I ordered my warriors to return by different routes and meet me at the Wisconsin, and was astonished to find that the enemy were not disposed to pursue us.

"In this skirmish with fifty braves I defended and accomplished my passage over the Wisconsin, with a loss of only six men, though opposed by a host of mounted militia. I would not have fought there, but to gain time for our women and children to cross to an island. A warrior will duly appreciate the embarrassments I labored under—and whatever may be

the sentiments of the white people in relation to this battle, my nation, though fallen, will award to me the reputation of a great brave in conducting it."

What Black Hawk thought of Jefferson Davis is recorded on pages 111 and 112 of his little book. He had surrendered himself to the whites at Prairie du Chien and "the Black Hawk War" was at an end. He says:

"I was now given up by the agent to the commanding officer at Fort Crawford, the White Beaver having gone down the river. We remained here a short time, and then started for Jefferson Barracks in a steamboat, under the charge of a young war-chief (Lieutenant Jefferson Davis), who treated us with much kindness. He is a good and brave young chief, with whose conduct I was much pleased. On our way down we called at Galena, and remained a short time. The people crowded to the boat to see us, but the war-chief would not permit them to enter the apartment where we were—knowing, from what his feelings would have been if he had been placed in a similar situation, that we did not wish to have a gaping crowd around us."

My very pleasant visit ended at 5 P. M. Mr. and Mrs. Davis knew that I was a Republican journalist, and that I had been a soldier in the Union army; but their conversation seemed as free and unrestrained as I could have imagined it would have been with long-time friends. This was, of course, due to the letter of introduction I had brought from one who enjoyed their highest confidence. I was cordially invited to revisit Beauvoir whenever I came again to New Orleans. Some exceedingly kind and interesting letters which I afterwards received from Mr. and Mrs. Davis I shall some day place with these other memorabilia from the Sunny South.



MRS. LINDEN BATES.

A GLANCE AT RECENT WESTERN LITERATURE.

BY MARY J. REID.

"Is wisdom dead now Solon's no more.
Are the children done playing at the Muses'
door?

While your Plato, your Shakespeare, takes
his place in the tomb,
His brither is stirring in the good mother
womb;

There's dancing of daisies and running of
brooks,

Ay, life enough left to write in the books."

—John Vance Cheney's "Great is To-Day."

THERE was a time in our history when the inculcation of the doctrine that there should be no locality in literature was an advantage to the country. At that date our literature, like our political interests, needed to be central-

ized. But to-day we are beset by a new danger—the danger of monotony. From Maine to California the majority of the State Houses, for instance, are modeled after the Capitol at Washington, and our churches, schools, libraries, newspapers, costumes, scarcely vary from Duluth to Kansas City. Instead, therefore, of cultivating monotony, the time has come for each metropolis to foster originality and individuality in art, architecture and literature. How much more picturesque America would be in A. D. 1925 if New York, Boston, Chicago, New Orleans and

San Francisco had literary and artistic centers, not perhaps as unlike in tone and character as those of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna, but sufficiently distinctive to mark the individuality of each locality.

The Western city which is to-day the most willing to abandon old paths and search for the new ones in which the world has seldom trod is Chicago. Notwithstanding the hard times, never was

the literary temper of Chicago more exuberant and never were her writers and artists so frankly unconscious of criticism. Mr. Fuller voiced his native city when he wrote in a recent letter :

Who wants to be definitely classfied and pigeonholed? Nobody in our age. There is some exhilaration in trying to do new things in a new way.

And there is an exhilaration in following him. There has always been an original



ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

vein in the Fuller family. The slow world had scarcely revolved to Margaret Fuller's position when her young Western relative wrote his first book, and, strange to say, the various phases of thought through which the West is now passing are typified in the works of Mr. Fuller. His first style was idealistic. The borderland of Kansas and the Northwest are in the idealistic period. His second style was as realistic as that of Mr. W. D. Howells. California is still in its realistic stage. Mr. Fuller is now entering upon his third style as revealed in his puppet plays, in which he revels in the fantastic and original. This third style is as different from the other two as they from each other. He is adopting new forms, new methods, which will perhaps embody idealism, realism, impressionism, music, architecture. Not often can one get him to theorize upon the subject, since he refuses to be exclusively bound by the precepts of any one school, but he has quaintly expressed the new thought of Chicago as follows:

"In the matter of novelty and innovation these: I don't know that we should claim any great credit for deliberately going out of our way after new forms and new methods of presentation; but if we have got new ideas and new matter (and why should we weary an over-patient world if we haven't?), it is an additional credit to have discovered and mastered new forms in consonance. The architectural writers tell us that style (style absolute as distinguished from a style merely) is largely in the correspondence between form and contents; the interior reality appears through the external envelope, yet both are one. As with a building, so, perhaps, in a degree with a well-constructed piece of literature."

Here and there scattered over the entire West are writers such as Miss Murfree, Octave Thanet, Mary Hallock Foote, Margaret Collier Graham, James Whitcomb Riley, Hamlin Garland and the late Eugene Field, who have not only recorded dialects and introduced local words into the English tongue, but have revived many racy idioms which formerly

belonged to the English language,—idioms which were being crowded out by an over-refined taste. They have used

"That common speech,
To all mankind the clearest,
Which peasant, like king, may reach."

It is significant that the poets and novelists of Scotland, the Isle of Man, Canada and Australasia are also recording dialects and reviving obsolete words. Hence the English tongue, even in the Elizabethan time, was never more plastic, more receptive to dramatic thought, than now. These are the conditions which have heretofore preceded distinctive literary epochs; but, whether a literary era is one of the surprises which the future holds for this generation or not, the fact remains that England and the East have received an impetus from the younger branches of the English-speaking family. When a literature becomes over-refined and the language of books seldom reflects the language of the common people, then it is well for that literature if its young writers quit the paved thoroughfares of thought, seek for inspiration in nature, and strive to delineate elemental rather than cultured types. Now this is just what the West for a decade has been doing for the East, and what Scotland, Canada and Australasia are doing for England. But since the attention of America has been drawn to the new Scotch and English novelists considerably to the neglect of her own writers, it would seem to be an appropriate time to mass the recent work of our Western authors in order to demonstrate that they also have a fresh vision, a fine conception of character, and "the wisdom that is gained by commerce with men."

During 1894-5 and the early months of 1896 the following books have been published by Western writers, and by writers who have either drawn their inspiration from scenes and types at the West or who have lived so long among us that they have become identified with us: "The Sabine Edition of Eugene Field's Works," including "The Love Affairs of a Biblio-

maniac," "The House," and also "Echoes from the Sabine Farm," by Eugene and Roswell Martin Field (Scribner's Sons); Henry B. Fuller's "With the Procession" (Harper Bros.); Mary Hartwell Catherwood's "The Chase of Saint Castin and Other Stories of the French in the New World"; Charles Egbert Craddock's "The Mystery of Witch Face Mountain and Other Stories"; Mary Hallock Foote's "The Cup of Trembling and Other Stories"; Margaret Collier Graham's "Stories of the Foot-Hills"; Louise Burnham's "The Wise Woman"; Bret Harte's "Clarence" and "In a Hollow of the Hills"; Edith M. Thomas' "In the Young World"; Ina D. Coolbrith's "Songs from the Golden Gate" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); Mrs. Linden Bates' "Bunch Grass Stories" (Lippincott); Ernest McGaffey's "Poems" (Dodd, Mead & Co.); Louis J. Block's "The New World and Other Poems" (Putnam's Sons); Prof. G. F. Wright's "Greenland Icefields"; Charles Howard Shinn's "The Story of the Mines" (in press) (D. Appleton & Co.); Hamlin Garland's "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly," "Prairie Folks" and "Crumbling Idols"; Grace Ellery Channing's "The Sister of a Saint and Other Stories"; Mrs. Reginald de Koven's "A Sawdust Doll"; Lilian Bell's "A Little Sister to the Wilderness"; H. C. Chatfield-Taylor's "Two Women and a Fool" (Stone & Kimball); "Volunteer Grain," Francis F. Browne (editor Chicago *Dial*); "Little Leaders," William Morton Payne (associate editor *Dial*); "Queen Helen and Other Poems," John Vance Cheney; "Nim and Cum," Catherine Brooks Yale; "The Little Room and Other Stories," Madeline Yale Wynne; "Under the Pines," Lydia A. Coonley (Way & Williams); Prof. Von Holst's "The French Revolution Tested by Mirabeau's Career" (Callaghan & Co.); "That Dome in Air," a volume of critical essays by John Vance Cheney; Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus' "Songs of Night and Day"; "Means and Ends of Education" and "Songs Chiefly from the German," by Bishop J. L. Spalding; Alice Ilgenfritz Jones' "Beatrice of Bayou

Tèche"; Marguerite Bouvet's "A Child of Tuscany"; Margaret Warner Morley's "Life and Love," a work upon natural history; David Hilton Wheeler's "Our Industrial Utopia"; Henry Matson's "Knowledge and Culture" (McClurg & Co.); "In Unknown Seas," George Horton (Cambridge University Press); Flora MacDonald Shearer's "The Legend of Aulus" (William Doxey); "The Frescoes of the Vatican," by Eliza Allen Starr; "The Daughter of Alouette" (Methuen & Co., London), by Miss Mary Alicia Owen, and "The Jucklins," by Opie Read (Laird & Lee). The forthcoming biography of the late John W. Root by Miss Harriet Monroe will describe the architectural growth of Chicago, particularly the architecture of the World's Fair, of which Mr. Root was the ruling spirit. In this connection it may not be deemed inappropriate to note Madame Blanc's article upon Octave Thanet announced in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which will perhaps attract the attention of the French to our Western short story, so closely allied to the French *conte*; also Mr. Stanley Waterloo's "A Man and a Woman," after reaching its tenth edition in America, has just been republished in England. The result of its success is that Messrs. A. & C. Black, Sir Walter Besant's publishers, are "bringing out" "An Odd Situation," Sir Walter Besant writing the English introduction. Mr. Waterloo is now writing "The Story of Ab," a novel of the time of the Cave Men.

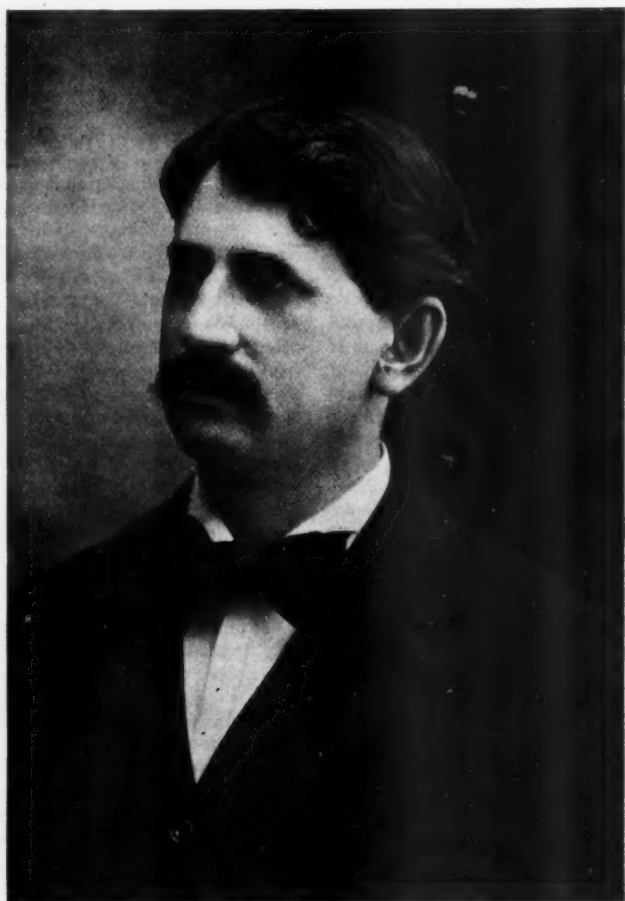
This list does not include the editorial work of Professors Moulton and Starr, nor the books published by the Chicago University Press.

Viewing these works in the aggregate, the question naturally arises, "Has the West a distinctive style? Or, in other words, has the West a few leading ideas which differentiate that region from the East?" To me it seems that the recent works of Eugene Field, Henry B. Fuller, Mary Hallock Foote, Margaret Collier Graham, Hamlin Garland, Ernest McGaffey and John Vance Cheney have

marked the difference in taste beyond repeal.

If one assumes that Mr. Aldrich is the ideal writer of the East and Eugene Field of the West, it is easy enough to contrast the tastes of the two regions. Four ideas were uppermost in the mind of Eugene Field, the grotesque or fantastic, the simple, the beautiful and the natural. All our Western writers are consciously or unconsciously discovering that the

grotesque and the fantastic have a place in art; that a flavor of the crude gives a relish to the intellectual palate; but Field first marked the trend. He had a greater instinct for the grotesque and the fantastic than any other writer of his time. This use of the barbaric is partly the result of climate; color and picturesque effects being essential in order to break up the eternal monotony of the endless prairies, the brown hills and the snowy landscapes;



REV. F. W. GUNSAULUS.

but it is also due to our close contact with more primitive peoples, as the Mexican, the Chinaman, the Japanese and the Indian, not to speak of the Scandinavian and Latin races which form so large a part of our population. This influx from all the peoples of the world forces us to take a profound interest in human nature at large. In fact, there is a feeling in Chicago that no people is too primitive for the modern man to learn from it some essential truth, some lost instinct worn off by the grind of civilization.

It is easy enough for our enemies to argue that even Eugene Field felt and lamented the love of material gain in Chicago, and the lack of "that kindling of the soul which comes with the reading of some lightning tipped verse." They might even quote some passages from "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac" to prove their theory, such as:

Before the modern youngster is out of his swaddling-cloth, he is convinced that the one noble purpose in life is to get, get, get and keep on getting of worldly material.

Or these lines from the *Ars Poetica* of Horace beginning with "*Graia ingenium, Graia dedit ore rotundo*," which Field has so exquisitely paraphrased in "The Echoes from a Sabine Farm":

The Greeks had genius.—'t was a gift
The Muse vouchsafed in glorious measure;
The boon of Fame they made their aim
And prized above all worldly treasure.

But we, how do we train our youth?
Nor in the arts that are immortal,
But in the greed for gains that speed
From him who stands at Death's dark
portal.

Ah, when this slavish love of gold
Once binds the soul in greasy fetters,
How prostrate lies—how droops and dies
The great, the noble cause of letters!

Yet Eugene Field loved Chicago better than any other city in the world, not excepting "dear old London." His ear was attuned to all its vibrant notes. Above the roar of traffic and the grind of business the voices of Humor and Humanity sounded louder to him there than elsewhere. The words he applied to Boccaccio are quite as applicable to himself: "Humanity is his inspiration, humanity his theme, humanity his audience, humanity his debtor."

In Chicago, Field was the idol of a group of bibliomaniacs, one of whom, Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, president of the Armour Institute, composed these dainty lines "On a Fellow-Passenger Asleep with the Poems of Bion and Moschus in His Hands":

Wake, wake him not; a book lies in his hands,
Bion and Moschus live within his dream.
Tired of our world, he fares in other lands,
Wanders with these beside Ilyssus' stream.

And "On the Fragments of Sappho's Poems in the Egyptian Museum at Berlin," Doctor Gunsaulus wrote:

If these be ruins of the gems crushed 'neath
the feet of Time,
Firm-chambered lights e'en yet to love-
crowned souls illuminate,
Glints of her passion, fragments of a burning
jewel-rhyme;
What was the coronet she wore? O answer,
shameless Fate!

Another fellow-bibliophile, Mr. Irving Way, discovered in Texas the most superb collection of Elzevirs he had ever seen. A third (the "Wicked Fisherman" of Mr. Browne's "Volunteer Grain"), failing to make an expert angler of Field, made that rarer thing a "fender fisherman" of him, indirectly inspiring that last tender farewell to an ancient copy of Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler":

And thou, homely little brown thing with
worn leaves, yet more precious to me than
all jewels of the earth—come, let me take
thee from thy shelf and hold thee lovingly
in my hands and press thee tenderly to this
aged and slow-pulsing heart of mine! Dost
thou remember how I found thee half a cen-
tury ago all tumbled in a lot of paltry trash?
Did I not joyously possess thee for a six-
pence, and have I not cherished thee full
sweetly all these years? My Walton, soon
must we part forever; when I am gone say
unto him who next shall have thee to his own
that with his latest breath an old man blessed
thee.

Field seems to have indulged himself in the bibliophile's pretty fancy that every book has a soul. He put so much of his own soul into his own books that when he handled one whose age could be counted by centuries, he felt as if the soul of the master who wrote it, or the soul of one of the master's admirers, inhabited the "tottering folio." He accused Judge Methuen (his imaginary double) of believing in the superstition that the souls of good women after death inhabit books. And for Yseult Har-

dyng, the English girl who jilted him for Mr. Henry Boggs of Lincolnshire, he wrote this epitaph: "Ah, Yseult, hadst thou but been a book!"

Not in one book nor in many books could the soul of Eugene Field be confined. As Mr. Fuller once wrote me: "No one who knew Eugene Field can ever be quite satisfied with the best memoir of him. He was a many stratified creature, and some of the strata will never be explored."

Yet it is certain that some things in this world appear to be providential. To the lover of Eugene Field's works and memory it must seem more than accidental that Mr. Roswell Martin Field (Eugene's only brother) left Kansas City and became a member of the editorial staff of the *Chicago Post* but a few weeks before his elder brother's death. The two were brother-journalists, brother-authors, brother-poets, brother-translators, *collaborateurs*. Mr. Roswell Field, alone, comprehended the "straight sight, swift method," humorous touch and fantastic coloring which made Eugene's work so unique. Therefore, Mr. Roswell M. Field's *Memoirs* contain in a nutshell the essential traits of a many-sided character. Not many men have been so happy in their biographers as Eugene Field.

Another poet who sometimes gives a pessimistic view of city life is Mr. Ernest McGaffey. He is the "out-door man" of Chicago. In 1892 he published "Poems of Gun and Rod." To sportsmen and to all lovers of nature they are delightful, but the human note is wholly lacking in them. The gem of the collection, "As the Day Breaks," is a dainty conception.

I pray you, what's asleep?
The lily-pads, and ripples, and the reeds;
No longer inward do the waters creep,
No longer outwardly their force recedes.
And widowed night, in blackness wide and deep,
Resumes her weeds.

I pray you, what's awake?
A host of stars, the long, long milky way
That stretches out, a glistening, silver flake,
All glorious beneath the moon's cold ray,
And myriad reflections on the lake
Where star-gleams lay.

I pray you, what's astir?

Why, naught but rustling leaves, dry, sere
and brown;

The East's broad gates are yet a dusky blur
And star-gems twinkle in fair Luna's crown.
And minor chords of walling winds that were
Die slowly down.

I pray you, what's o'clock?

Nay! who shall answer that but gray-stoled
dawn?

See, how from out the shadows looms yon rock
Like some great figure on a canvas drawn;
And heard you not the crowing of the cock?
The night is gone.

But in his second volume of poems Mr. McGaffey has given a voice to human cries. Why, asks the hasty critic, if Mr. McGaffey can write so exquisitely of Nature, does he ever indulge in such stinging satires upon city life as the following, entitled "The Message of the Town":

Look up to the stony arches
Where Art and Mammon meet,
There's a sound where Traffic marches,
A call in the city street,
For a voice is ever ringing,
"Gird up your loins and flee;
I will harden your heart or break it
If you will abide with me."

Aye! carve it in iron letters
High over your widest gate,
Since we all must wear the fetters
Who seek the appointed fate.
And the winds shall bring the message
Through all the days that be,
"I will harden your heart or break it
If you will abide with me."

This is the message, not to Chicago alone, but to all the cities of America, which a Western poet sends. The great bards have ever had three messages to deliver, the message of Nature, the message of Humanity and the message of Art.

In its highest perfection Miss Edith M. Thomas has interpreted the secrets of Nature and Art. If she had ever learned the message of Humanity in all its fullness, she would be our greatest American poet;* but she strikes only two human chords, the chord of mortality and the chord of childhood. Next to Eugene Field she is the child-interpreter of our time. It may seem paradoxical to those who have not followed Miss Thomas' poems to venture the remark that Eugene Field in his naive way is scarcely more Western in his instincts and fantasies than Miss Edith M. Thomas, yet she was a poet with a full, clear, unique note long before the East discovered her, and her

*See Overland, August, 1894.

nymph-like love of nature, the half-tender, half-freakish play of her fancy, are pure Western. No amount of Eastern association has in any wise changed her. Blindfold some cultivated Englishman, unfamiliar with the child-songs of Field and of Miss Thomas, mix the verses, and he will scarcely be able to detect the difference. To our keener ear there is perhaps a wide difference, but a common instinct has guided Robert Louis Stevenson, Eugene Field and Edith M. Thomas, enabling them to interpret, as it has never before been interpreted, the complex, freakish nature of a child. Here are two stanzas from Miss Thomas' "In the Young World," as simple and as intimate as Eugene Field ever wrote:

I wish my Little Self and I
Might sometime cross each other's way.
My Little Self is wondrous shy;
I cannot meet her any day.
How'er I search, how'er I pry
About these meadows autumn gay.

The runaway, the teasing elf!
She flits where woodland blossoms drift;
She has a world of pretty pelf
She gathered from the ripples swift;
Such joys she has, my Little Self
Will not be lured by any gift.

The youngster who knows and enjoys the child-poems of Stevenson, Field and Miss Thomas has a foothold in the vast realm of song.

It is sad to think that the most bird-like voice of the West, the poet whose trill is pure melody, should have had as restricted a life for the development of her poetical gifts as had Chatterton or Keats. Yet such has been the fate of Miss Ina D. Coolbrith,* the California poet who has for years sung the songs which welcomed Easter, Christmas and other gala days on the Pacific Coast. Her conception of the poet (although often quoted) is the one which the over-practical West is slow to recognize:

He walks with God upon the hills!
And sees each morn the world arise
New-bathed in lights of paradise.
He hears the laughter of the rills.
Her melodies of many voices.
And greets her while his heart rejoices.
She, to his spirit undefiled.
Makes answer as a little child;
Unveiled before his eyes she stands,
And gives her secrets to his hands.

*See MIDLAND, June, 1895, and January, 1896.

As a corollary to this idea of Miss Coolbrith's may be added "Mahomet's Choice," by Mrs. Lydia Avery Coonley, President of the Woman's Club, Chicago:

"If I had but two loaves of bread."

Mahomet said,
"I would sell one, that I might buy
Sweet hyacinths to satisfy
My hungry soul."

Great Oriental! Prophet wise!
You taught each one of us how fain
By body's dole
Would feed the soul,
That it is gain
When hyacinths he buys.
E'en though he sacrifice
His loaf of bread.

But it is not by her wind-scattered poetry that the West must be judged. Her strength lies in her conception of the realistic novel.

The two greatest novels of the year written by Chicagoans* are Mr. Fuller's "With the Procession,"† and Hamlin Garland's "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly." Yet how different are the types and conceptions of these two authors! Although "With the Procession" is not exactly written for the "young person," there is nothing in the book which would make a sensitive woman shrink back. But in reading "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly," one passes through three stages: the first is a shrinking back; the second is a feeling that Mr. Garland owes many hints to Holmes' "Guardian Angel" and to Mr. Fuller's "With the Procession"; and at the third stage one is completely carried off one's feet with admiration by the masterly descriptions in the concluding chapters. Therefore, one must like Mr. Garland's latest work, as one likes the verse of Walt Whitman, in spite of its broad sayings. Mr. Garland has described Rose truly when he remarks:

The naked facts of nature were hers to command. She touched undisguised and unrefined nature at all points. Her feet met not merely soil but mud. Her hands smelled of the barn-yard as well as of the flowers of the wild places of wood and meadow.

She is a fine, strong creature, with the splendid physique, the fascinating power

*"The Jacklins," by Mr. Opie Reid, reached the writer after this article had gone to the printer. See MIDLAND Book Table in the June MIDLAND.

†See MIDLAND, December, 1895, "Among the Chicago Writers."

and the intense selfishness of the Celtic-American girl, for, although Mr. Garland may not be conscious of it, the types which he naturally selects are not Western types in the large sense, but are rather Irish-American or Scotch-Irish-American. As the delineator of these types he has no peer. Lyman Gilman and Sim Burns and his wife in "Prairie Folks," and even Uncle and Mrs. Ripley in "Main Traveled Roads" (notwithstanding their New England names and relatives in "Yaark State") are Scotch-Irish. For lingual purposes these types have untold possibilities, as the Celtic race has a genius for quaint, idiomatic phrases and dialects. Mr. Fuller, on the contrary, is never happier than when drawing the Western New Englander or the English-American.

There are several idyllic scenes in "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly,"—Rose drinking at the brook being as simple and natural as Jane Marshall's visit to Susan Bates. But it is as a painter of storms that one must admire Mr. Garland the most. The chapter "A Storm and Helmsman" is as fine a piece of word-painting as one may find either in Miss Murfree's or Mrs. Foote's novels. But Mr. Garland has neither Mr. Fuller's literary style nor that subtle divination of character which enables the latter to draw a complex type like Truesdale Marshall; a type related (perhaps somewhere in the cousins) to George Eliot's Tito. Mr. Garland endeavors to make an intellectual prodigy of Rose Dutcher, but to the last she remains the simple girl from the Wisconsin Coolé, and therein lies her charm.

In "The Cup of Trembling and Other Stories," Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote has described the German-American, Henniker, the half-breed Indian girl, Meta, the Canadian civil engineer, Jack Waring, and the Spanish-American, Esmée. Mrs. Foote has the most vivid and picturesque touch of any of our Western writers, and also possesses the art of connecting her stories with passing events before the memory of them has become a faded pic-

ture. "The Trumpeter" is such a description of the Coxe army as one would like to have go down to history. This story also contains one of those true pictures of Indian life which we have lately been getting from the sculptor Kemeys, Miss Mary Alicia Owen, the folk-lorist, and George Bird Grinnell. If one wants to have three views of the much disputed sex question, reasoned out relentlessly from differing standpoints, one cannot do better than to read Mr. Ernest McGaffey's poem, "The Burning of the Ships," Mrs. Reginald de Koven's "A Sawdust Doll," and Mrs. Foote's "A Cup of Trembling." Ismée's flight with Jack Waring (the young civil engineer) to his mountain cabin; his taking upon himself the woman's work to save Ismée's delicate hands; the futile attempt of Jack's brother to gain admission to the cabin during a blizzard; his death in the snow; the description of the fatal chinook and Ismée's death are singularly original, picturesque and pathetic. On the other hand, no one has described the loneliness of wifehood among the "smart set" in this country with greater zest than Mrs. de Koven. She and Miss Lilian Bell have latterly drawn to the life that cold-blooded American type, the business man of the world,—the aristocrat whose sole delights are in making money, in playing whist and in club life; whose friendships are wholly masculine, and who will lavish upon his wife everything she desires except his comradeship. Such men may be bibliomaniacs, or may even suffer slightly from the malady which Eugene Field styles "catalogites," but so far as *human* interests are concerned, they are as cold as marble. It is a Nineteenth Century type which has not been overdrawn. Mrs. Lindsay, too, as a type of the "smart set," is dashingely delineated. The artist Aytoun is evidently an impressionist, and belongs to that literary cult which regards Baudelaire and Paul Verlaine as the most striking poets of the century. General Rivington, Helen Rivington, Mrs. Lindsay and the artist Aytoun are clear-cut figures, not so

sculpturesque as Mrs. Foote's types, but more sensuous and art loving. The *motif* of the "Sawdust Doll" may be summed up in Mr. Ernest McGaffey's couplet:

The world is Medusa, and turns men to stone
In seventeen, seventeen years.

The two recent novels of Bret Harte, "Clarence" and "In a Hollow of the Hills," are entertaining stories, the one of the Civil War and the other of life in California, but they lack the power and originality of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "Gabriel Conroy." Why, when one comes to think of it, should one expect to find that force duplicated? No novelists, except the great masters, George Eliot, Thackeray and Balzac, have ever succeeded in writing more than two great novels. The realists always claim Bret Harte as one of their leaders, and it should never be forgotten that Mr. Harte, Miss Murfree and Joseph Kirkland first discovered the path which others have widened to a great highway. But Mr. Harte's characters are closely allied to the impossible heroes and heroines of the elder Dumas, and are sometimes as fantastic in their way as the heroes and heroines of Anthony Hope. Take his latest work, "In a Hollow of the Hills"; about the railroad robbery at "Three Pine Station" there is an atmosphere as fantastic as the highway robbery in Gautier's "*Capitaine Fracasse*." Yet the circumstances and the descriptions are realistic and Chivers is strangely like a real stage robber, popularly known in California as "Black Bart, the po 8," a robber who always left a doggerel verse behind him with this signature. "Clarence" is one of the best stories ever written of the Civil War. It shows as does no other novel how parties were so equally divided in California that the State was barely saved from joining the Southern Confederacy by the vigorous action of a few loyal citizens. Sometime, it is to be hoped, Mr. Harte will write a story in which Starr King and Colonel Baker will be prominent figures. Also, since he knows more about the establishment of the first *Overland* than

anyone else, why could he not introduce that event in one of his novels? These subjects are fast becoming traditional, even in California, and no one living could describe them with a like fidelity.

"The Mystery of Witch Face Mountain" and "The Blue Ribbon at the County Fair," by Charles Egbert Craddock, are such unique studies of landscape, character, color and music that it is difficult to interpret their effect upon the mind. It is as if Miss Murfree had had four masters—one an idealist, a second a realist, a third an impressionist, and the fourth a musician. An impressionist might call "The Blue Ribbon at the Fair" a study in yellow; an idealist would say that the wild flower grace of Narcissa (so unlike Miss Murfree's other girl characters) reminded one of Hawthorne; and the realist would delight in the horse race in "The Blue Ribbon at the Fair" and the coroner's jury in "The Mystery of Witch Face Mountain." There is the inevitable "still," and some old types are rejuvenated, but I think the world should readjust its early opinion of Miss Murfree's work. Her earlier stories were crude and gigantic, her mountains seeming to be immense half-human things endowed with a far away sympathy with life; her scenery somehow over-topping her characters. But Art adjusted to Nature's moods has fulfilled William Blake's prophecy, "Great things are done when men and mountains meet." There is also a musical ring to her prose which affects the ear like distant melody.

Mrs. Linden Bates' collection of short stories, entitled "Bunch Grass Stories," is not so much a study of types as of stirring incidents collected in remote places in the Far West. These stories are very clear photographs of mountaineer life. No one but Mrs. Bates has ever attempted to describe the utter hopelessness of the Eastern man who goes West and completely fails. It was a happy thought to gather a number of these disconsolates in one settlement, to make the young man, Ransom, the hopeful one, to create

the feeling of suspense in the reader's mind as to whether the town should be called Judgment or Resurrection, and to have a plain but brave New England woman bring to the settlement the needed ray of hope with the words, "We had to sell the farm to get the money to come, but we wouldn't make the town Judgment when the Lord left it a chance for Resurrection." There is something quaint, fresh and sweet in "Resurrection on the Umpqua," and "A Transferred Town," which may not always be found in more ambitious stories. In "The Mavericks of the Trail," and "Taken in at Oare's," Mrs. Bates has been brave enough to describe characters and scenes which have heretofore belonged solely to the dime-novelists. Perhaps these are the stories to which an Eastern critic lately referred when he spoke of the "Bunch Grass Stories" as being over-strained and dime-novelish. The odd part of it is, while they certainly show the fantastic side of mountaineer life, they do not seem over-strained to those familiar with that life. In this connection I am reminded of a very original remark once made to me by Mr. Opie Read. "Adam Bede," said Mr. Read, "is dime-novelish in spots. But then, all emotion is dime-novelish."

Another writer who photographs life as she sees it down to the minutest detail is Miss Grace Ellery Channing. "The Sister of a Saint and Other Stories" consists in the main of sketches of Italian peasant life. "Coeur de Rose," like Mrs. Linden Bates' "Inspiration at the Cross Roads," lacks spontaneity. Why is it that our women writers are unable to describe the Bohemian atmosphere of a studio? Mrs. de Koven gives a charming picture of one in "The Sawdust Doll," and Mrs. Jones gives another in "Beatrice of Bayou Têche," but the real artist's studio is found alone in "Tribby." Octave Thanet is, I believe, the only woman-writer we have who could give us the real Bohemian atmosphere of a studio without a taint. The best story in Miss Channing's book is the "Basket of Anita"—a delicate little water-color, picturing life in

Southern California. The heroine, Elsa, has the craze for collecting Indian baskets in which she is assisted by Manuello. Manuello is the Mexican Californian with his art instincts and his indolence; "all the lazy grace of his nation in his figure, all its dark beauty in his face, and all its picturesqueness in his costume." He sells his guitar, an ancient heirloom, to buy Elsa "The Basket of Anita," only to find when too late that she is betrothed to another. This story, illustrative of Spanish California, is perhaps not so vigorously told as Margaret Collier Graham's "The Withrow Water Right" or "Brice" but it has a delicate, appealing grace of its own.

Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham is very unequal. Some of her stories, as "Alex Randall's Conversion," "Idy" and "Colonel Bob Jarvis," rank below the best of Mrs. Linden Bates' sketches, while "The Withrow Water Right" and "Brice" are equal in merit to Miss Murfree's earlier work. All the passion of the old settler, cheated out of his rights by the more progressive but unscrupulous new settler, and the California mountaineer's worship of water, are in "The Withrow Water Right." Anyone who has a memory of sycamore, the smell of sage, and the blooming buckthorn, and who knows the mountains and cañons of California, will delight in this realistic story.

In Miss Lilian Bell's "A Little Sister to the Wilderness," a story of the Bottom Lands of Tennessee, there are no new types, for the poor white has been rather overdrawn than underdrawn by Miss Murfree, Octave Thanet and Mr. Opie Read,—but many of the scenes are new. As Miss Bell has a more audacious touch than Miss Murfree, her characters are rather more accentuated than those in "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains." "A Little Sister to the Wilderness" is, however, a very charming story, depicting with much force the shiftlessness and indolence of the dwellers of the Bottom Lands. Miss Bell does not draw a primitive type so well as she does a society type. Her mocking, satirical

sketches in the *Ladies' Home Journal* are keen, witty and original. No characters need to be scorched a little, more than the "smart set" in America. And Miss Bell is never so entertaining as when she describes society with a caustic pen.

In "The Little Room and Other Stories," by Madeline Yale Wynne, we take just one step into the land of the supernatural. Yet so realistic are the details that the reader scarcely realizes he has reached the realm of fantasy until he finds himself therein and a prisoner, held there by the imagination of the author. The most fantastic sketch of all is "The Scarf," the *motif* of which may be interpreted by Mr. Cheney's youthful poem, "When My Love Comes!"

It is a tantalizing story, suggestive of Aldrich and Gautier. The neatest and most original one, however, is "My Ghost of a Chance," describing the fate of a manuscript in the hands of a hungry if not starving author. The little ghost sits by, pondering and pondering, now exuberant, now doleful; as soon as the manuscript is completed he flies back to the "Bureau of Chances."

One of the latest novels written with a purpose is "Beatrice of Bayou Têche," by Alice Ilgenfritz Jones. As readers of THE MIDLAND are already familiar with this thrilling story, descriptive of the life of an octoroon girl whose mind is Aryan, it need not be dwelt upon. The conflicts of her dual nature, her affection for her white relatives, and her false position are pathetically described. It is a vivid picture of Southern society before the Civil War.

But the strength of the West does not lie wholly in its newness and originality. There is a strong conservative element in Chicago voiced by the Chicago *Dial*. This periodical was one of the landmarks of that city long before Mr. Fuller, Mr. Garland and Mrs. Catherwood wrote their first books, or the picturesque little *Chap-Book* raised its bright, audacious head. While it is true that neither of these periodicals fully represents the new Chicago, yet both are potent although

antipodean forces in the development of literature in the Lake City. Mr. Johnson's reviews, signed E. G. J., are as scholarly as any papers found in the best Eastern periodicals, and I know of no Eastern literary critic superior to Mr. William Morton Payne. His "Little Leaders," lately published, particularly those pertaining to education, are models of what may be termed an editorial style, being clear, penetrating, logical, fearless. The following is taken from his "leader" on William Frederick Poole, the late librarian of the Chicago Public and Newberry Libraries:

Librarianship, in this country, has during the past twenty years become one of the learned professions; that it has become so is due in very great measure to the efforts of Doctor Poole. To secure for his fellow workers the recognition accorded to the clergyman, the lawyer and the physician; to substitute the trained bibliographer for the mere custodian of books; to establish professional schools of librarianship; to make the public familiar with the principles of rational library architecture; to facilitate access to collections of books, and to enlarge their usefulness by library helps prepared by the co-operation of bibliographers—these were, briefly stated, the aims toward whose accomplishment Doctor Poole devoted for a full half-century, an exceptionally active and industrious life.

Elsewhere† I have noted the popularity at the West of the British essayists, Mr. Birrell, Mr. Saintsbury, Walter Pater and Matthew Arnold. The close observer will find a Matthew Arnold trend in Chicago which is quite as marked in its bent as the Pagan or the Paul Verlaine trend. In "Volunteer Grain" Mr. Francis F. Browne has described in rugged verse (but with far more force and insight than any of his contemporaries) the spiritual glow which Matthew Arnold kindled in the hearts of his disciples:

Not in the meeting of the hands alone,
Nor ripples of a casual courtesy
Above the deeps of thought unstirred that lie,—

Not thus, O, Master, is your purport known
To those who in your printed pages own
More than hand-clasp or meeting eye to eye,
"A presence that is not to be put by."
Speaking more clearly than your voice's tone,
And thus you go not from us in your going;
Some Tree of Truth, from seed cast by your hand,
Green-canopied, shall spread its branches wide,
Its gracious effluence far around bestowing.
A shadow and refuge in a weary land:
So shall your living Self with us abide.

†Overland Monthly, January, 1895.

With a keener appreciation of the young West than the conservatives, Mr. John Vance Cheney, poet and critic, stands about half-way between them and the new school of writers in Chicago. He was a well-known poet at the East, with a peculiarly distinctive and charming outdoor note, long before he became an inhabitant of San Francisco and Chicago. But in those cities were written his critical essays, essays revealing a virility and terseness of expression which one would scarcely expect could be evolved from the dainty verse found in "Thistle Drift" and "Wood Blooms." While one may see that he is not yet quite ready to theorize upon life at the West, there is a freedom from conventionality in the essays entitled "That Dome in Air" not found in "The Golden Guess." Unconsciously, I think, in the essay on Walt Whitman, Mr. Cheney has voiced the universal feeling at the West that Walt Whitman was *not* a poet, but a grand interpreter of nature's moods, his lack of rhythmical expression being a sign of weakness rather than strength. While this is not Mr. Garland's view, it is Octave Thanet's, and is furthermore the accepted view throughout the West. We believe with Mr. Cheney that "in both spirit and method Walt Whitman belongs back in the simpler, stronger, gladder days. The secret of his power is to be traced to his kinship with the able-bodied, unsophisticated, believing, joyous early man." But while the West has studied more closely than the East the early man in prose, she is not prepared to let him dominate the realm of poetry. Like Eugene Field we sometimes like to "go gallivant." In some moods we long to be up to the chin in "the raw material of song, washing our palate with the clean air." But in other moods we swing back, as Eugene Field did, to Horace and Catullus, or to Homer and Sappho. That was why Field was the typical Western poet. He comprehended all the varied moods of the West. Mr. Cheney's criticisms of Swinburne, Rossetti and Morris, whom he slyly terms "the Finikin family," are not

favorable. Perhaps he scarcely does them justice, the stern, high thought of Matthew Arnold appealing to him with more intensity than Swinburne's "uncontrollable flow of words." "The great poet," Mr. Cheney thinks, "is not prodigal, but sparing of speech. Poetry turns on intellect, on luminous, searching thought." Remembering how far some of the later English poets have strayed across the line into unmoral, if not immoral ground, Mr. Cheney, in the little drama of "Queen Helen," has succeeded in catching the joyousness, the divine beauty and the irresponsibility of the Argive Helen without the immoral taint. In this volume he has also made what he calls "Homeric Experiments," basing his verse solely upon English translations from Chapman to Lang. In these experiments he has caught the spirit and fire of Homer in a wonderful manner.

There are two very able Roman Catholic writers among us, whom the Protestant West cannot afford to ignore. One is Dr. Maurice Egan, the poet who has put the purest essence of Catholicism into his dainty verse (even as Eugene Field extracted it in "Our Debt to Monkish Men"), and the other is Bishop Spalding. Bishop Spalding's "Means and Ends of Education," although somewhat discursive in style, contains more liberal sayings of an epigrammatic character, which may be taken out of their setting and deposited in the memory, than any other work on education which I have seen for many a day. Naturally, there are some pages which appeal alone to Catholics, but no Protestant who examines the book with a liberal spirit can help being stimulated by it. Read in connection with Mr. Payne's "Little Leaders" on education, particularly those on "The Cult in Literature," "The Approach to Literature," "The Teaching of Literature," "Democracy and Education." It would rid the mind of the worthless educational lumber which still encumbers the thoughts of many half-educated people.

"All knowledge," writes Bishop Spalding, "is pure. As it is right to admire

and love whatever is good wherever it is found, it needs must be the part of wisdom to seek to know and appreciate all that is true and high in the works of genius, though there, like precious stones and metals in the mine, it be mingled with baser matter. It is but narrowness or intellectual Pharisaism to turn from a great author because in his life and works there may be things of which we cannot approve. Shall we abandon God because His world is full of evil, or Christ because there is corruption in the Church? St. Paul appeals to Pagan literature; St. Augustine is the disciple of Plato; St. Thomas Aquinas of Aristotle, and the culture and civilization of Christendom are largely due to influences which are not Christian. Whatever is good is from God. True books survive without help or let of critics, by virtue of their vital quality, which attracts kindred spirits with irresistible power. Truth is the mind's food."

Such is the literary life which has its home at the West. Such are its stories, its snatches of song, its quaint scholarship and its criticisms. It has the ardent imagination, the intrepidity and the swing of youth. Civilization has not yet deprived it of its picturesqueness, its breeziness nor its simplicity. Whatever its faults, it is a native literature, and it still has an odor of the wilds in it, wilds which have never been fenced into closes. Its unplanted acres could not be more felicitously described than in Mr. Browne's poem of "Volunteer Grain":

A field of wavering grain
Wild grown on some unplanned, unplanted
space,
Owning no fostering grace
Of husbandry save the free air and rain.
Not the well tended field
Whose soil, deep mellowed by the plough-
man's share,
Full planted, tilled with care,
Gladdens the heart with its abundant yield.
But some fortuitous seeds,
Chance blown, wind scattered, falling by the
way,
Growing as best they may,
Find soil and sun sufficient to their needs.

IF THERE WERE.

IF THERE were a little corner
Of the world unseen, apart,
Where no peering eyes could glisten,
And no prying ears could listen
To a secret in my heart!

If I were not quite so fearful,
Do you know what I would do?
Even though you do not ask it,
I would open you a casket
And unfold it all to you.

Sunbeams shine without the asking;
Dearest, do you bid me wait?
Here are precious gems of feeling,
And the key to their revealing;
Open ere it be too late.

But the eyes at every corner!
And our fate we must obey;
In the cruel world to-morrow
I will laugh at every sorrow,
And I'll throw the gems away.

Emma Playter Seabury.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OCTOGENARIAN. II.

By T. S. PARVIN.

DURING the presidential campaign of 1836 I was a student in the law office of Judges Wright and Walker, the leading law firm of Cincinnati, Ohio.

General Harrison was then the most prominent candidate of the Whig party. At that period he was a citizen of Ohio, residing on his farm at North Bend, some twenty miles below Cincinnati, at the mouth of the Miami River, which as it debouches into the Ohio becomes the boundary line between Ohio and Indiana. He had resided there for many years in a log cabin quite in harmony with the cabins of the early settlers. In later years this cabin was weather-boarded and given the appearance of being a frame house. During our student days we often drove down to his residence, and farther to the town of Lawrenceburg in Indiana, a few miles south of the General's residence.

The General's candidacy became so prominent that for the better carrying on of the campaign he left his home and came to Cincinnati, taking lodgings at the Heckwelder Hotel, nearly opposite the court-house, corner of Main Street and the old canal, which in its day was quite an institution, connecting Cincinnati, or rather the Ohio River, with Dayton. The office of Judges Wright and Walker was also on Main Street, between Third and Fourth, while the post-office was on Third, between Main and Walnut Streets. At the time, I was engaged in teaching (being principal of the Third Ward School of the city) with a view of raising means to pay my way through a two years' course of office reading and law lectures, and so had to avail myself of early and late hours for reading purposes. To this end I found it necessary to tip the colored janitor who had charge of the law office — as also the office of Salmon P. Chase,

across the street. My preceptor, Judge Wright, seldom put in an appearance at the office until after nine o'clock, when I had left, so I saw but little of him until later in the day.

General Harrison was a very early riser. He would walk daily in the early morning from his hotel to the post-office, a distance of some eight or ten blocks, get his mail—which was usually very large, both in letters and papers—and come to our office, where he would read both letters and papers until the arrival of the Judge. Judge Wright was chairman of the Whig National Committee.

General Harrison was a pleasant old gentleman, very communicative, and, for want of some one else with whom to converse, he was wont to bring his chair over to my table and engage me in conversation by telling me of, or reading to me extracts from, his papers and letters. My father was his personal friend, though very bitterly opposed to him in politics, and the General very well knew my political proclivities, but such was his friendship for my father and his regard for me—and possibly because he had no one else to talk with—he made a confidant of me.

Later, as this presidential business became pressing, Judge Wright one morning came into the office earlier than usual and proposed, as he had evidently had a conversation with General Harrison upon the subject, that I should act as the secretary of the Committee and thus relieve them both of much of their labor. While it might prolong my studies, and my tenure in the office, they assured me that it would be a good training for a young man and would enlarge my experience of men and public affairs. Having a very high regard personally for them both, I accepted the position, and though a Dem-

ocrat, rendered some service to the Whigs in furthering the Harrison campaign. I well remember one morning, when the General came to the office with the tidings that the State Legislature of Pennsylvania had nominated him, which was quite a feather in his cap. It was an event of such prominence as to lead other state legislatures to follow in its footsteps, and thus make it certain that he would be the sole candidate of the party.

It will be seen that presidential nominations and campaigns were not conducted then as in later years. Candidates for the presidency had been for a long series of years nominated by congressional caucuses and state legislatures. Political conventions, which have become so prominent in recent years, had not then come into use.

The campaign of 1836 was very different indeed from that of 1840, both of which were waged against Van Buren, familiarly called "the little magician," and whose characteristics, so far as I could learn them, were very different mentally from those of his rival General Harrison. The General was a very social and affable gentleman, unpretentious in manner and as approachable as any farmer of his neighborhood. He was a common and prominent figure upon the streets, and might daily be seen passing to and fro between his hotel and the post-office, attracting little more attention than any other passer-by at the time. I held many conversations with him, not only upon subject matters of the campaign, but of the history of the West, in which he found I was an interested student, and he took great pleasure in communicating to me many facts relating to the early settlement of the great Northwest or the "new countries" as Ohio and contiguous territories were then called. He was not the garrulous old gentleman pictured in the opposition papers at that time and later,—at least I did not find him so. In our personal intercourse he seldom or never referred to himself or his personal participation in many of the leading events of the previous periods.

He had delivered a public address before the State Historical Society of which he gave me a copy (and which I still have), remarking at the time he gave it to me, that I might find some things in it of interest as I was a student. The address was, for one of his age, decidedly sophomoric and tinged very largely with classical allusions. Four years later, when he became President and presented his Inaugural Address to the nation, a Democratic congressman severely criticised it and said that the General President had made a mistake in supposing that he was addressing a Roman senate instead of representatives of the American Republic. Certain it is that the General was very well read in the Greek and Roman classics.

During this campaign Daniel Webster (the godlike Daniel) visited Cincinnati (I had an opportunity of meeting him in his visits to the office of Judge Wright with his friend General Harrison), and he addressed the citizens on political subjects from the balcony of Pearl Street House, the leading hotel of the city at that day (1836). I was much amused and shall never forget the introduction of Mr. Webster to the public by General Harrison and the pleasant little passage at arms between them as to the manipulation of "soft-soap" in a becoming manner. It was before the days of Pear's soap, Ivory soap, and all the hundreds of soaps of to-day; there was but one kind in use in those days, and that they put on pretty thick. General Harrison in introducing his friend, the distinguished orator of the day and of the nation, said a great many complimentary things of him, and I remember that I, with others, wondered how Webster would return the compliment; but he did, most gracefully and successfully, far outdo the General, in that he used more of the raw material and spread it on with much more skill than had his illustrious predecessor, much to the amusement of the crowd, who manifested their pleasure in vociferous shouts.

This little pleasantry passed, Webster

gave us one of his magnificent speeches, the like of which I have never heard since.

A few mornings later when the General came into the office I playfully ventured to bandy him upon the subject, at which he laughed heartily and confessed that Webster had beaten him at his own game. Certainly he was much more experienced and a greater adept in the art of flattery.

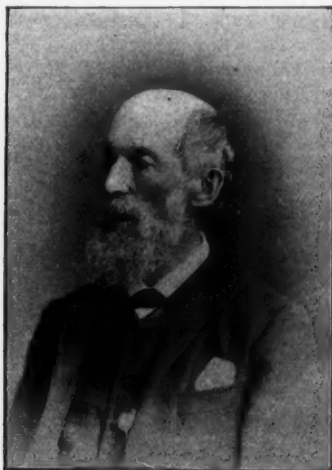
Harrison was defeated, as the world well knows, and Van Buren elected. The result was that later the Democrats had the appointing of the officers who were to take part in the organization of the Territory of Iowa, which followed on the Fourth of July, 1838, and in which I subsequently became somewhat mixed up in that I was appointed Private Secretary to the first Governor, Robert Lucas, who had been twice Governor of Ohio.

Between these two gentlemen, General Harrison and Governor Lucas, there was a personal, as well as political, feud. But in order to preserve the continuity of the narrative I will refer to an event that occurred previous to this period.

General Harrison was not a successful farmer, especially in his later years, and had become very poor. Soon after his defeat a vacancy occurred in the office of

Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas of Hamilton County, of which Cincinnati is the county seat. The office was a very lucrative one, with an income equal to that of the President's salary (\$25,000). That Court, corresponding to the District Courts of our State, was presided over by a presiding judge, who was always a leading lawyer, and two associate judges, who were usually farmers and mere figure-heads. The presiding judge at this time was a brother-in-law of Judge Wright and bitterly opposed to the appointment of General Harrison, whose candidacy for clerkship was pressed upon the Court. His two associates, each of whose vote was as good as his own, were favorable to the appointment of General Harrison, and, with a view of strengthening them in their course, a petition was largely circulated not only through the city but the county. I remember that my father, a leading Democrat of the period, spent some days in riding over the county obtaining signatures to one of these petitions. The bar of the city was also favorable to Harrison's appointment, and I remember of a bar meeting at the courthouse during this period at which there was a good deal of sparring between the friends and the opponents of General Harrison's appointment. However, General Harrison was appointed, entered upon the discharge of his duties, and the presiding judge resigned from the bench.

Soon after entering upon his duties as Clerk, or rather I should say taking possession of the office (for he never discharged any duty while its incumbent, but entrusted everything to his deputy, H. L. Rucker, who had been one of the professors during my college days and an intimate friend of mine), the General sent for me to call upon him at the office, which he visited about once a week, having now taken up his residence upon his farm at North Bend. The result of the interview was that he tendered me a position, which I accepted, of a clerkship in his office. Upon these weekly visits the General would come in and pass through the several departments with a



HON. T. S. PARVIN, OF CEDAR RAPIDS.

pleasant word for each employé and oftentimes on reaching my desk would stop and engage in conversation, much to the surprise of my associate clerks, until I explained to them how I had become acquainted with him.

I have said that he performed no duties. I remember, however, one occasion when present in the court-room during the absence of the deputy clerk, the General, who had a seat in the stand, was called upon by the presiding judge to swear a witness. He did not make quite as big a blunder as an officer on a previous occasion, who began the child's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," but nevertheless he was unable to administer the oath and the judge relieved him of the great burden by swearing in the witness himself. It was the first, so far as I know, and certainly the last, effort on the part of the General to administer the functions of his office as Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas.

With his son, who became the father of the late president, Benjamin Harrison, I was also well acquainted. He was a man wholly unlike his father and quite unlike his distinguished son.

In an interview I had with President Harrison at the Triennial of 1889, in Washington, I remarked (when taking his hand) that I could say what probably none of his many callers from all parts of the country could say, that I had known quite well both his father and his grandfather. The President responded: "As to my grandfather, that is more than I can say, and I would like a conversation with you at a later hour, for it is not often I meet with one who knew my grandfather."

There was no friendship existing between Governor Lucas, of the Territory of Iowa, and General Harrison. Lucas was in office at the time of Harrison's inauguration as President, and the General often said to me that upon his inauguration he would promptly remove Lucas and that he would be the first removal he

would make in office. It has been repeatedly published that Governor Lucas was in fact the first removal made by President Harrison. This is a mistake. This purpose was never carried out. President Harrison lived but a month following his inauguration. Worn out by the horde of office-seekers, he was harrassed to death by their importunities. He made several removals, however, during that month. Governor Lucas was booked for removal and his successor named, upon a paper which was found after his death and given to Vice-President Tyler, who succeeded him. Acting upon the recommendation of his predecessor, the new President appointed as Governor of Iowa John Chambers, of Maysville, Kentucky, who had been a member of Congress from that district and who had also been an aide-de-camp of General Harrison at the battle of Tippecanoe. Another of his aides at that battle was my friend Colonel Hiram C. Bennett, of Burlington, (formerly of Maysville, Ky.,) who, in 1840, became the first Master of the first Masonic lodge in Iowa, at Burlington, of which I was also a member and am now the sole surviving member.

The campaign of 1840 was conducted during my residence in Iowa where I had resided for more than two years. It was wholly unlike that of 1836 and was conducted in a most disgraceful manner, in that no principles were discussed, no policy of either party presented or antagonized. It was a campaign of "hard-cider," of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." The country was flooded with little medals upon which were emblazoned a log cabin, representing that in which General Harrison had lived, with coon-skin stretched upon the logs, an open barrel of cider by the door, and voters passing by helping themselves. Common as these little Whig badges were at that period, they have now become so scarce and rare that one of them is to-day worth a gold dollar.

THE WHITE ROBIN.*

ON a tender tuft of the jeweled grass
That bordered the garden bed
A robin sat, with a snow-white wing
And a black and velvety head.
"Sweet, sweet, sweet,"
He sang to his merry mate,
"We will make a beautiful nest to-day
In the lilac over the gate."

A cloud came over the April blue
With a crystalline fringe of rain,
And the nest was tossed to the beaten sod
By the wind in its high disdain.
But "Sweet, sweet, sweet,"
He sang in the gloaming late,
"We will build anew in the morning light
In the lilac over the gate."

Three delicate eggs of the palest blue
Were deep in the purple spray.
We found them crushed on the graveled walk
At the foot of the tree one day.
But "Sweet, sweet, sweet!"
And "Wait, wait, wait!"
Rang out the brave little voice again,
In the lilac over the gate.

There was joy aloft in the world of leaves,
For a ball of the softest down
Peeped over the rim of the rocking nest
At the twigs and the mosses brown.
And "Sweet, sweet, sweet!"
And "Love will conquer fate!"
The robin sang on the topmost branch
Of the lilac over the gate.

Minnie Irving.

*This poem was awarded the Original Poetry Prize in the April 1st Competition.

The Midland's Fiction Department.

PIETY CORNERS.

BY J. ALBERT SMITH.

TOWARD the close of a May afternoon a wagon with a white cover was seen creeping along the Grapho road, coming from the east. It was drawn by a four-horse team in charge of a girl who sat in a high spring seat and managed the lines with ease and skill. Her hands were encased in soft kid gauntlets. A wide-brimmed hat perched airily upon her head performed the kindly service of shading her brown eyes from the rays of the sun. At her side was an old man, withered, bent and gray. In his face many indelible lines had been traced by the vicissitudes of time and fortune. The sun of his life, like the sun of that day, would soon set. His eyes were sunken, their fires burning low. He looked out wearily and dispassionately on the things of the world.

Bud Stusey sat in the house alone. It was a house with a single room, large and commodious. Entering the door at the south end, one took two steps downward to the floor. The building had been set into the earth for economy of construction and for warmth. It had plastered sod walls and a low roof. At the end opposite the door stood a single bed, and two double beds, a small, home-made wardrobe with drawn print curtains, and what seemed an endless number of trunks and boxes. Occupying the little remaining space on one side were chairs, a cook stove, a kitchen cupboard and a flour-chest, and on the other a long pine table at which Bud sat, writing. Just over the table, and suspended against the wall by wires fastened to the rafters, were three or four shelves filled to repleteness with books and current literature.

When he stood, Bud appeared tall and muscular, with shoulders slightly stooping. When he sat, as he did now, all the

impressiveness of his stature was gone; his frame seemed endowed with telescopic properties, drawing itself down together not greatly unlike a Chinese lantern, with a pair of knees advanced and prominent. He had a full, round face, guileless of beard, a conspicuous nose, mild blue eyes, light hair and a self-contented smile. He was seated just at this time to write letters and to bring his neglected diary up to date.

A timid, questioning knock sounded upon the door. Following his usual custom, Bud should have sung out cheerily, "Come in!" and kept his seat. But this knock seemed in some way different from other knocks. Bud arose, the telescopic operation reversing itself, and, moving across the floor with long, heavy strides, he opened the door. The apparition that confronted him promptly paralyzed every faculty.

"May we water our horses at your well?" the apparition asked, searching his face with a pair of big brown eyes under a wide-brimmed hat. Had she asked the privilege of liberating a bevy of hexapod kangaroos in his mango grove he could not have comprehended her request any the less clearly nor hastened to comply with greater precipitation.

"Certainly, Madam — Miss — as much as you like," he stammered.

The girl thus addressed politely bowed her thanks, smiled and walked away. Bud closed the door and promptly opened it again. He clung to the knob with one hand, the fingers of the other aimlessly rummaging through his hair. Facing about with an inspiration to consult a small mirror at the opposite end of the room, he made a nervous assault upon the lapels of his coat, and faced back again. Just then the well-wheel began to



"A man sat in the doorway, and a rifle lay across his lap in such a way as to be available for service at an instant's notice."

send forth its shrill, intermittent shrieks. Bud snatched his hat from the table and hastened from the room. The girl stood holding a bucket ready to receive the water which the old man was drawing, hand over hand, from the depths of the well. The horses were stretching their necks and champing their bits, the girl endeavoring, meanwhile, to quiet them. Crawford and Bud reached the well at the same time, Crawford having left off work

early so as to prepare supper before dark.

"We think of camping soon," the old man said, after the usual exchange of courtesies. "The horses are getting fagged. We have come with this load all the way from Grapho since morning."

"No better place than this for your camp," returned Crawford. "It is six miles to the next good well. Here is water free and abundant. If you go farther you may fare worse."

"Does that argument have a convincing sound, 'Zubah?' asked the old man, addressing the girl.

"I'm always ready to camp," she returned, evasively.

"We are on our way to examine a piece of land," the old man explained. "Perhaps you gentlemen may be able to locate it for us — the northwest of eight, ten, eight."

"The northwest of eight, ten, eight," repeated Crawford reflectively. "Let me see —"

"There it is—lying along the north side of that strip of breaking," interrupted Bud, pointing. "I have a sectional map in the house showing all the lines."

The old man suspended the operation of drawing water for a moment in order to follow the direction indicated by Bud's finger, shading his eyes with one hand.

"We were told at the land office in Grapho yesterday that it is still subject to homestead entry," said the girl. "Grandpap and I have come to inspect it with a view to making a farm of it, if it seems desirable."

"Every foot tillable," commented Bud briefly.

"And there are neighbors quite near," added Crawford. The Percivals live on the next claim — two grown girls in the family — and here, on this side — this is Piety Corners."

"Piety Corners!" echoed the girl. "We heard that name in Grapho, this morning, and I've been laughing about it ever since. Do you call it a town?" She swept the surrounding objects with her merry brown eyes.

"It has that distinguished reputation — abroad, before it is seen," replied Craw-

ford, playfully. "The question is one we ourselves never raise or quarrel about. It was once known as Mud Corners, due to the fact that its four principal buildings are either dugouts or have sod walls. They occupy each a corner of four converging quarter-sections of land — hence, Corners!"

"Then why was Mud changed to Piety?" she pursued, with amused interest.

"A trifle personal, but I don't mind explaining," said Crawford. "We are all bachelors. For convenience we cook, eat and generally sleep in this larger building. Placed somewhat beyond the restraining and refining influences of civilization, we — that is, the other fellows — acquired the habit of flavoring their remarks with an occasional dash of forbidden language. To correct this we mutually agreed that the first transgressor should act as cook until the next, for a



"She sank into a chair, buried her face in her hands, and turst into a passion of tears."

similar offense, should take his place, and so on continuously. Mud Corners then became Piety Corners."

"I hope a remedy so heroic proved effective," said the girl. "Profanity is *so* inexcusable."

"Well, yes—er—that is—I'm cook now," Crawford solemnly returned.

The horses had by this time finished drinking. The girl climbed into the seat, gathered up the lines and, skillfully swerving to one side, she drove a short distance away to a suitable camping place, Bud leading the way to point it out. This done, the girl descended and set about unhitching the horses with as much address and precision as if she had been doing so all her life. She accepted Bud's gallant offer of assistance with such becoming simplicity that it set his heart to fluttering. It gave him an opportunity to study, in a furtive way, her face and movements, and make mental note of her clear, expressive eyes, her firmly set little mouth, her ruddy brown complexion, gracefully chiseled neck, shell-like ears, and other small, sentimental details presumed to be of interest to persons of Bud Stusey's years and attainments. She thanked him when the work was finished and he returned to the house.

"Say, Bud," Crawford spoke up, as the former began clearing away his writing material.

"Well," drawled Bud.

"Wouldn't it be about the proper thing to ask those people in to supper?"

Bud straightened up quickly and looked his questioner in the face.

"Not a bad idea," he returned, a note of doubt in his voice. "But might not it embarrass you, Crawford?"

"To have them 'eat with us?"

"Yes."

"I'm not particularly ashamed of my cooking, Mr. Stusey."

"Oh, I had no reference to your cooking. It's this disordered room. They might hold you responsible for all the topsy-turviness in sight."

"That will make no difference. Shall we ask them?"

"You seem greatly concerned. Do you expect to entertain angels unawares?"

"No, not angels—*one* angel—by design."

Bud reflected.

"The other fellows might not enjoy it. They might think we were too officious. Suppose we wait till they come."

"Agreed."

Scotty and McDonald were first to arrive, and the question was by them promptly decided in the affirmative. Crawford was delegated to act as master of ceremonies.

A spirit of mischief no doubt imparted some bias to this decision, for, as the referees afterwards mutually confessed, they entertained a secret belief that the invitation would be declined with thanks. But after a brief parley at the wagon, witnessed by three pairs of eyes from the window, Crawford was seen returning, accompanied by the old man and his granddaughter. And before the young men had fairly recovered from their mild consternation, they were being in turn formally introduced to Miss Azubah Stapleton and her grandfather, Mr. Brownlee.

Whatever of stiffness or constraint may at first have been experienced, it was quickly dissipated by the natural ease with which the guests adapted themselves to their surroundings. Brownlee joined freely in conversation with the others, disclosing in a quiet way a wide and varied experience with the world, and a rare fund of available information on most subjects of interest. Azubah sat near him for a time in comparative quiet. But before Crawford fully realized it, or understood how she succeeded in doing so without giving him some intimation of her design, she was rendering active and efficient aid in the concluding work of preparing supper. In this she seemed prompted by a spontaneous desire to make herself agreeable and helpful, and her manner was so simple and unaffected that it became a question in Crawford's mind, whether in addressing her he should adapt his language to the comprehension

and tastes of a school-girl, or of a young lady.

The supper, a plain but substantial one, to which Miss Stapleton herself contributed some delicacies from her small pantry store in the wagon, was eaten with a relish born only of the open air and active employment. That finished and the dishes cleared away, Bud produced his map and spread it out on the table for Brownlee's instruction in local geography, bending down to indicate with his finger the different points of interest.

"Here is this building," he began, "on Scotty's claim. It is the northeast of eighteen, twelve, eight. Tomlinson has taken the south half of the southeast, and the south half of the southwest of seven, Crawford the southwest of eight and McDonald the northwest of seventeen. Just north of Crawford's, the northwest of eight, is the quarter you asked about."

"And where is your claim, Mr. Stusey?" Brownlee inquired.

"I haven't taken any," replied Bud.

"You're old enough, are you not?" Azubah asked, looking up innocently from the map she had been studying over her grandfather's shoulder. Then recognizing the impropriety of the question, she hastened to add, her face flushing, "Please excuse me, Mr. Stusey. I had no intention of being so rude and impertinent. I spoke before I thought."

"Oh, it's of no consequence," he said.

Bud believed her mortification to be genuine and her apology sincere. But he could not disguise a certain amount of embarrassment, which, in spite of himself, reddened his face and sent the blood tingling to the tips of his ears. And when his companions read these signs and joined in making him a target at which to slyly level their arrows of humor, he began edging his way by cautious degrees to a less conspicuous place. He presently sat down and became a listener. Bud submitted to badinage of this sort with so much good-natured resignation that the others seldom allowed such an opportunity to go unimproved.

Darkness came stealing over the prairies and the company separated, some of the young men going to picket out their horses and mules, while Brownlee and Azubah returned to their camp. All further tenders of hospitality were declined. Azubah explained that their commodious wagon with its canvas cover and movable partition by means of which the interior could be divided into cozy apartments at a moment's notice, afforded excellent conditions for sleep. She made sportive reference to the fact that her six-shooter, the accuracy and effectiveness of which she had many times verified, usually kept her close company, and that it entertained a spiteful dislike for horse thieves, coyotes and other nocturnal prowlers.

When Bud found himself alone with Crawford again he came forward in his heavy, mathematical way and began to unburden his mind.

"What a ridiculous little thing that girl is!" he said, assuming an air of discarded self-interest.

"In what respect?" queried Crawford.

"In her way of saying and doing things."

"She's unaffected and unconventional, if you mean that. You can't expect a girl educated on a stock ranch among bronchos and Texas steers to put on city airs; it would be out of her line. But I didn't see anything in her style that I should call ridiculous."

"Does her style make you wish your sister was just like her?"

"Bud, you're in a bad way. You need a prescription for biliousness. And Scotty's symptoms are more pronounced, if possible, than yours. Did you follow his eyes? He watched every move the girl made. Just note that down, now, for future reference. But all nonsense aside, tell me why they've brought such a quantity of supplies out here into this wild wilderness. It reminds me of the loads the freighters used to haul across the plains some years ago before the railroads monopolized the business."

"I suspect there is something behind their coming here that we fellows know

nothing about," rejoined Bud slowly. "The old man must be seventy and the girl—"

"Seventeen, and such a ridiculous little thing!" Crawford interrupted.

"Crawford, I want you to understand that I like that girl," said Bud, thrusting both hands down into his pockets and squaring himself before his companion. "I like her way—"

"Her way of saying and doing things," Crawford again broke in.

"Yes, I like that, too," Bud persisted. "If she were not ridiculous—just a plain, sweet, every-day sort of a girl, I might dislike her."

"Do you imagine her grandfather realized the risk incurred when he brought her down into this bachelor-infested nest?"

"Undoubtedly not," replied Bud, in the same humor. "But the scales must certainly have fallen from his eyes before this time. One or two squints up and down my angular frame ought to convince any discreet old gentleman with a ridiculous little granddaughter under his wing that his claim to her is likely to be called into question—"

"Contested."

"That's it—contested." Bud laughed a free, wholesome, rollicking laugh.

At noon the next day Brownlee and Azubah took possession of the northwest quarter of section eight, Bud acting as guide to locate its corners and boundary lines. He insisted that its rich soil and general contour made it in every way well adapted to farming purposes. The fact that he had for some time been cherishing an ambition to file on this claim himself he studiously withheld.

A breaking plow drawn by four horses soon began cutting and turning a series of long, parallel strips of dark, tenacious sod. This seemed to Azubah a pleasant occupation, and she walked by the side of her grandfather for the mere pleasure it afforded, managing the lines for him, and listening to the share as it successively severed the thousands of grassy rootlets in which the earth abounded.

"This is the best supper I ever tasted," she said, as they sat taking their evening meal on the grass.

"Because the day's exercise and excitement have given you an appetite for it," he replied. "To-morrow I must begin putting those sods in place in the walls. It will be heavy work. I fear my old back may play one of its disreputable pranks on me and fail when I most need it."

"You shouldn't exert yourself so much, Grandpap. You are getting too old. It's just we two for it, so what's the use?"

"To secure you a home, 'Zubah. We are not likely to share it long together, but I believe my footing is more certain out here in the outskirts of civilization than anywhere else. There is promise of a longer lease of life for me away from trouble than where it always confronts me."

"You will not let your trouble get the better of you again," Azubah cheerfully assured him. "There will be no further occasion for it. Hear that meadow-lark out there on that old rosin weed! Can't he set 'Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater' to the jolliest jingle of a tune you ever heard? There he goes down into the grass! Did I make the proper sort of apology to that tall young man last evening, Grandpap?"

"I think you did. But Daughter, would it not be more fitting if such apologies were never necessary?"

"Perhaps so," she replied. And she went about her duties for some time after that in an air of silent, self-abstracted study.

Four wagon teams, each in charge of an active, sturdy, bronze-faced young man, came filing over the prairies from Piety Corners at an early hour next morning, and from the opposite direction, a few moments later, appeared a fifth, and presently from the southwest a sixth, all converging on Brownlee's camp. The old man stood leaning on his ax as the teams drove up, having just finished laying off the foundations of the new home by driving a rectangle of wooden pegs into the sod.

"We're here to help with your log rolling!" Scotty called out cheerily.

Brownlee surveyed them for a moment, looking from one to another in astonishment, his eyes brightening, and, entering into the frolicsome spirit reflected in Scotty's remark, he pointed to the long furrows and rejoined:

"All right, boys! There they are—let 'em roll!"

Willing hands, prompted by warm, impulsive hearts, went briskly to work under Brownlee's direction, cutting the sods into convenient lengths, piling them upon the wagons, unloading and laying them systematically in place in the walls, measuring, leveling, squaring, plumbing, and all the while that spirit of wild, riotous good nature making it seem mere pastime.

At noon each laborer deposited his contribution to the common meal upon a rude, extemporized table of boards and boxes, and with an unstinted supply of hot coffee provided by Azubah, they ate and drank as only hungry men with good digestion and a ready adaptation to circumstances know how to eat and drink. Azubah seemed to have undergone a change. She was more subdued and thoughtful than when she first appeared among the young men at their bachelors' home, with an added suggestion of reserve both maidenly and dignified.

In the afternoon Bud Stusey joined them, coming on foot from Piety Corners. He talked with the men a few moments, replying pleasantly to their banter, and presently turned away to deliver to Azubah a late magazine she had expressed a desire to read. He did this easily and naturally, displaying, somewhat to the surprise of the others, no trace of hesitancy or embarrassment. He engaged her in conversation, and it became evident, ere long, that he had interested her, and that she encouraged him to go on. Several times during the afternoon he left off lifting and piling sods for an exchange of words with her, thus dividing with Scotty and Crawford the attentions which she received.

"What a ridiculous little thing that girl

is!" Crawford found opportunity of quoting in a tantalizing undertone. And quick as a flash came the reply, "Are you following Scotty's eyes? He's watching every move the girl makes. Just note that down, now, for future reference."

In due time Brownlee and Azubah established themselves in their new sod home, glad enough, when it was ready, to abandon camp with its many make-shifts and inconveniences. Azubah developed a taste for housekeeping which neither she nor her grandfather had anticipated. With the few resources at her command she succeeded in making the interior of their home not only convenient, but cozy and inviting. He noted every step in her progress, and wondered, in his quiet way, if Scotty, who made occasional visits, or Crawford, who made them more frequently, had been taking as much interest in her versatility and rugged good sense as they had in her beauty. He sought to understand, by some isolated process of reasoning, the state of her mind with reference to these young men. He was unwilling, just here, to accept the testimony of outward manifestations, so nearly had he become convinced that, in common with other deceptive tendencies of the feminine heart, they were designed to be misleading. And yet it seemed almost cruelly sacrilegious to cast a doubt upon Azubah's childish simplicity and candor, even in relation to a subject that must, if it interested her at all, touch so closely the inner currents of her young life. Nobody could realize more fully than Brownlee himself to what a poor, faded shred of humanity he had been reduced; and to anticipate, in his old age, the possible surrender of the only tie that bound that shred to the past and to respectability, filled his heart with many forebodings.

"Do you know what that renegade, Texas Jim, intends to do?" inquired Tomlinson, stepping brusquely down into the room.

Four expectant faces instantly turned toward the speaker.

"He's going to jump the Brownlee claim," continued Tomlinson, doubling up his fists and crowding them into his coat pockets while he leaned with his back up against the door to inspect his audience.

"The deuce he is!" exclaimed Crawford.

"Texas Jim wants to let that job out," asserted McDonald with emphasis. "He hasn't got the hang of this climate yet."

"His claim may be limited to a two by six plot under the willows if he makes himself too numerous where he isn't wanted," Scotty facetiously observed. "He has no use for Brownlee's claim anyhow — no earthly use."

"I'm straight from his camp," said Tomlinson, going on to verify his own statements. "Unless he's been giving me a big bluff he intends to move onto the land to-morrow morning. He made some inquiries about the old man, and I explained that he'd gone to the railroad with the girl to lay in some winter supplies, and that I had been placed in charge of the house and one team during their absence. Jim said Brownlee hadn't filed his first papers, and that anybody had as good a right to the claim as Brownlee had."

For a full moment the others sat in grim silence.

"Well, hasn't the old man made the first filing?" asked Bud at length, putting up his hand to shade his face from the light of the lamp by which he had been reading.

"How is it, fellows?" queried Tomlinson, turning the question to the others.

"Suppose he never has," said Scotty, rising to his feet. "And suppose that scoundrel tries to beat the old man out of his property — what then?"

"I can tell you," returned Crawford promptly, his voice keyed to a note of higher intensity. "Mr. Texas Jim will politely be tendered the alternative of shaking the dust of these parts off his

feet or playing cord-and-tassel on a cottonwood limb down on Trail Creek."

"That's it! That's the doctrine!" came in a chorus from the others.

Tomlinson, some little time before daylight the next morning, noiselessly dressed and slipped out at the door, carrying his Winchester with a small complement of ball cartridges stored away in its magazine.

"What does *he* know about a gun?" he commented within himself. "I think I'll put myself in readiness to supervise the proceedings from around the corner."

Texas Jim could scarcely credit the testimony of his own senses as he reined in his pony team a few rods in front of Brownlee's door. Objects appeared more or less indistinct in the uncertain light of the early dawn, but unquestionably a man sat in the doorway, and a rifle lay across his lap in such a way as to be available for service at an instant's notice.

"Hello there!" Jim called out.

"All right," growled the figure, "what yer want?"

"Is this old man Brownlee's claim?" Jim was both curious and puzzled.

"Reckon so. Why?"

"Is he about?"

"About what?"

"About home?"

"Naw."

Jim reflected. He scarcely knew how next to proceed. That surly, unsympathetic shape in the doorway disconcerted him. What was its mission, and how long had it been there?

"Say!" Jim called out.

"All right. Go ahead and say it!"

"Do you live here?"

"I do, stranger. That's my business, and this is my precincts. What yer want?"

Texas Jim waited to hear no more. His desire to molest men of that stamp, owing to recollections of a particular past experience, was no longer an untamed ambition. Such men were too abrupt, too informal.

Jim turned his ponies about and, driving a quarter of a mile farther away, proceeded to pitch his tent on the north portion of Brownlee's claim.

The figure in the doorway stepped out and watched closely Jim's every maneuver.

Another man presently emerged from his hiding place near by. He had been grimly smiling during the progress of the conversation, and with one hand had been nervously fingering the lever of a Winchester, ready to send a bullet on a swift mission at the first opening of actual hostilities. It was Tomlinson. And after complimenting Crawford on his successful impersonation of a gruff old frontiersman equipped and ready for a fight, he returned alone to Piety Corners.

An hour before noon Azubah drove up to the door of her home with the covered wagon. She had often expressed a partiality for the yellowed, weather-beaten cover, and it usually went with the wagon whenever a journey of any length was undertaken. At this time it was tightly drawn, completely concealing the nature of the load within, and leaving barely room for the spring seat in front. Her grandfather's place by her side was vacant. She carried her head with less assertiveness and spirit than commonly, Crawford thought, as he came forward to assist her, and her face wore a weary, dejected expression.

"You are back earlier than was expected," he said.

She unbuckled the lines and gave the free ends a wide fling in opposite directions, as she replied,

"Yes; been driving since three o'clock. Started early so as to get home. Whose tent is that?"

"Texas Jim's."

"What's Texas Jim doing there?"

"Perhaps you'd better wait till you've had dinner and rested, Miss Stapleton, before I explain."

She sat stiff and straight in the seat, her eyes intently fixed on Jim's camp. Crawford's evasive reply had more than half confessed an intruder.

"No," she presently said. "I'll stay right here till you answer my question. What's that man doing out there?"

"As I understand it he has jumped the claim."

"Whose claim?"

"Your grandfather's—yours."

"What right has he to jump it?"

"None—except on a technicality."

Crawford, standing on the ground and looking up, saw the lines contract about her mouth and a certain appearance of set firmness come into her face.

"Just please unhitch the horses, will you?" she asked, slipping down off the seat and parting the folds of the cover to disappear behind them.

She emerged a moment later, carrying in her hand a soft, leathern belt with a scabbard attached. From the scabbard the pearl handle of her six shooter projected. Nimbly she stepped to the ground.

"Please unharness Nell for me, Mr. Crawford," she said, and walked rapidly into the house. When she returned, carrying her side-saddle, Crawford held the mare ready, as she had requested. He knew by the girl's peremptory manner, by her short, decisive words, and by that cold, hard look of determination written upon her face, that some desperate purpose was in her thoughts. Against this his whole nature arose in protest. All the gentleness, attractiveness, womanliness he had known in her worthy of admiration or respect, seemed just now gathering themselves into one exalted ideal to fall a shattered ruin at his feet.

He could not tell how it was accomplished, or what assistance he rendered, but he did know that he saw her mounted, her revolver buckled, cowboy fashion, about her waist, and that she rode away while he stood looking after her, dazed and incapable of uttering a syllable of protest. She urged the mare into a quick gallop and made straight for Texas Jim's camp. She had never spoken to Jim, had not so much as seen his face. But she knew something of the evil reputation he bore, and it made her furious that he



"Azubah's courage began to falter. She found difficulty in keeping the road. The horses, poor discouraged beasts, lowered their heads, and cringed and shivered with the cold."

should presume upon such an open invasion of her grandfather's rights.

He stood by his tent door watching her as she rode up.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"Camping." Her belligerent directness astonished him.

"Whose land is this you are on?"

"Old man Brownlee's. Leastways it was this morning. Reckon I'm setting up a title to it myself just about now."

"Do you see that road out there?" she inquired, half turning in her saddle to point with her riding whip.

"Yes."

"That's the west line of our claim. It's your shortest cut out of this. I'm old man Brownlee's granddaughter, and if you don't vacate by sundown I'll fill you chock-full of bullet holes. Understand?"

"Yes."

She rode away, leaving him alone to his reflections.

By the time she reached home the reaction had set in. She slipped from the saddle, handing Crawford the reins.

"Please take care of Nell," she said in

a voice scarcely her own. "And, Mr. Crawford, I do not wish the wagon in any way disturbed."

She hurried into the house, and divesting herself of wraps and incumbrances she sank into a chair, buried her face in her hands, and burst into a passion of tears. It seemed to her that all the events of the last twenty-four hours had united to crush and humiliate her. Not the least among them was this late exhibition of headlong resentment toward the man who had essayed to profit at her grandfather's expense.

When Crawford entered she was still weeping. He did not know how to interpret this new phenomenon. It was so wholly unlooked for, so different from what he had seen a few moments before, that he stopped just inside the door, uncertain whether to advance or retreat. He had followed her with his eyes on her fearless ride, and though he could not know what she had said to the man, he had guessed its import from her poise and movements. And was this the girl now sobbing before him?

To some men a woman's tears are childish; to others, irresistible. When

Azubah thanked Crawford for the kindly service he had rendered, and, lifting her poor, pitiful face to his, asked if he would not go away now and leave her alone, his heart softened and melted. That crude, unladylike thing she had done, she said, was so inexcusable, it was such an unwarranted outburst of temper, that it grew more and more hideous in aspect every moment. The penance of solitude and remorse was demanded. Would he not grant her request and go?

"Your course was entirely proper," he affirmed. "The circumstances justified it. You could scarcely have done less."

"No, Mr. Crawford"—it was a pathetic little "no"—"you are wrong. I was out of place, very much out of place. Please go, won't you?"

The tears that will soften and melt a man's heart may, or they may not, confuse his judgment. Crawford, ten minutes later, was in a frame of mind to aver, under oath if need be, that he had accomplished this result for himself. He fully exonerated the tears—it was not their fault. It was his own, inborn idiotic imbecility. He had weakly and precipitately declared his love to this weeping girl, asking her hand in marriage. She had risen, pained and astounded, looked him frankly in the face, and very gently assured him that, while she appreciated the compliment, she did not love him and could not marry him.

Casting about for some crumbs of consolation as he walked homeward, he found them, poor, unsatisfying things that they were, in this observation, fiercely addressed to himself:

"Fool! fool! fool!"

In returning, that afternoon, from a day's hunt, Bud Stusey's route by chance led him past the Brownlee claim. As he approached the house his attention was arrested by two persons apparently struggling together. Upon a nearer approach he recognized in them Miss Stapleton and her grandfather. She was endeavoring to lead him from the wagon into the house, while he was resisting with such

strength and vigor as he could summon. She failed to observe Bud until he had stopped near them. Then she suddenly released her hold upon her grandfather, exclaiming,—

"Oh, Mr. Stusey! How you startled me!"

Her grandfather, vaguely recognizing this as a momentary truce, tried to make his way back to the wagon, mumbling in a maudlin way, and with an obvious preference for the sounds of *sh* an *zh* in enunciation, that he guessed "that girl'd better zhust keep her handzh off."

"Will you help me?" she asked in subdued tones, appealing to Bud.

"Gladly, Miss Stapleton," he returned.

Taking the old man firmly but gently by the arm, he walked with him into the house, Azubah following.

"That will do," she said, as soon as their charge had been properly cared for. "I find him more obstinate and difficult to manage to-day than usual." Then her eyelids dropped, and the conscious flush of shame and mortified pride swept into her face.

"I am sorry for your sake," he began, "that I should have happened along just at this time. But you may trust me, Miss Stapleton, to keep a secret. May I do that much to help you?"

"You are very kind," she quietly replied, "and I thank you."

On his way home Bud discerned Texas Jim's pony team slowly moving across the prairie in the distance, but he did not learn until some hours afterward that Miss Stapleton had, single-handed but presumably with a few choice and expressive words, accomplished the same results that an extemporized vigilance committee proposed to accomplish by the adoption of more heroic measures.

Scotty and Crawford were engaged in building a sod stable on the latter's claim the next morning, when Bud joined them. They welcomed him, for he was a capable, willing workman.

"Fellows," he began after some little time, "have you noticed of late that we

do not talk freely on some subjects any more at the Corners?"

To this neither of the others replied.

"You know what I mean," he went on. "The subject we most avoid is Miss Stapleton. The reason we do so is because we are all three more or less interested in her and would like to enjoy a monopoly of her society. Is not that true?"

"If it isn't, our actions are greatly misleading," Scotty admitted.

"We have been insensibly drifting apart," Bud went on. "We have become wary and suspicious of each other. In our conversation we have avoided her name—have placed an embargo upon it. We are different from the frank, noisy, companionable boys we used to be when we went to the district school together."

"I have thought of that," said Crawford.

"I propose, now," Bud continued, "that we get back to our old level of friendship again. There's but one Miss Stapleton, and there are three of us. If one of us wins, two must lose; that's my arithmetic. I propose that one of us win—if he can—that the other two lose—as they must—that we do it in a fair, open, honorable way, and that we stand within supporting distance of each other, win or lose."

"That sounds just like Bud," said Scotty, turning to Crawford.

"He proposes a triple alliance," replied Crawford.

"I think I can hold down one corner of the triangle," Scotty said with a smile.

"To encourage the enterprise, I'll agree to tote fair," said Crawford, conscious of playing a part.

"And I'll plant both of my number tens down on the third," said Bud.

They shook hands to bind the compact, laughed together like school-boys again, and resumed their work.

The fall and winter months passed without event. Early in March Azubah and her grandfather drove to Grapho for

supplies. Before starting she exacted from him a solemn promise that he would not touch liquor during their absence. Relying on this she relaxed a measure of her usual watchfulness over him. They completed their purchases in the evening of their arrival in order to secure an early start the next morning.

"Look out, Miss," said the stableman to Azubah as he drove the wagon around to the door of the little hotel where she was waiting. "This is a weather-breeder. We are liable to hit a blizzard before night."

Picturesque language, but replete with warning. Azubah understood its meaning full well. She turned to address her grandfather.

He was gone! She hastened to look into the ladies' parlor and into the office, but he was nowhere to be found. At one grasp she comprehended the situation. Requesting the stableman to remain with the team a moment, she walked with quick, energetic step half a block down the street, and turned in at the door where a sign reading "Dew-Drop Saloon" reached out invitingly over the sidewalk. A hasty survey of the room revealed the object of her quest eagerly drinking at the bar. Picking her way with a fearless, resolute air, though it seemed to her that her heart palpitated audibly, she reached his side, faced the white-aproned attendant opposite, and demanded,—

"Two brandies, and be quick about it!" Then calmly addressing her grandfather, she asked, "Will you drink with me, Grandpap?"

He turned upon her as suddenly as if she had spoken his name in a voice of thunder.

"Azubah!" he gasped. "What are you doing here, Daughter? This is no place for you!" And seizing her by the arm he hurried her out of the room as if he were fleeing a pestilence.

"How could you!" he exclaimed as soon as they had reached the sidewalk.

"How could *you*, Grandpap, after all your promises?" she returned. "Isn't

the place respectable? And if it is not, why do you go there?"

He walked with her to the wagon in abject silence.

It was a beautiful morning, with a bright, languid sun, and with faint suggestions in air and sky of returning spring. But low down in the northwest appeared a filmy stain, a faint splash of haziness, imperfectly defined and lying close along the horizon. This was a sign Azubah had long since learned to look for, and always recognized with certain feelings of apprehension. She knew, too, that the sign was a fallible one, and might mean nothing, while a storm might, unheralded, descend at any moment during the winter and early spring.

"See that blizzard signal, Grandpap?" she asked, indicating the direction by a nod of her head. They were now a mile or so out of Grapho.

The old man turned slowly toward her, doubtful if he comprehended her remark. She did not require a second look into his face to understand his condition. It roused her resentment and indignation that he should have so far trampled his promises under foot as to yield to his old temptation and degrade and dishonor his manhood. But there lay a distance of twenty-eight miles between Grapho and Piety Corners, and she realized that every moment was precious. Hurriedly assisting him to a place back under the cover, she made him comfortable with quilts and blankets, and, growing softly sympathetic over his helplessness and his thin gray hairs falling about his brow, she bent down and kissed him, marred and disfigured in his life as he was, and returning to her seat the journey was resumed.

Azubah now employed voice and line to secure from her team, with its light load, the highest attainable speed consistent with a judicious husbanding of strength and endurance. The road, hilly at first, but gradually becoming less so, led at length in a line nearly direct, through the midst of a wide, level prairie.

That haze in the northwest, vapory

and almost indiscernible, gradually spread its nebulous fingers, extending them upward into the sky. Azubah studied it often and anxiously. Twelve-Mile Flat, a tract of unsettled country lying ahead, and corresponding to its name in width, offered the greatest menace to safety in a storm on account of the length and dimness of the road leading across it. This passed, they would at no point in their journey find themselves more than three or four miles distant from human habitation and shelter.

At half-past ten it was still warm and spring-like, and Azubah began to think her fears were groundless. Twelve-Mile Flat was entered at eleven, and slowly the last house faded out of view in the rear. Around them was the silence and the solitude of the desert. Still the sun shone, and still a soft, seductive languor pervaded the atmosphere.

Suddenly a scum of clouds fleeing before the wind appeared in the north, and reached its long, ghostly tendrils far out into the east and into the west. They were the advance messengers of a conflict among the battalions of the air.

A passing breath, cold, fleeting, touched Azubah's cheek. It seemed to come from no definite source. It went as it came. She turned to look—the storm was on its way, was at hand.

"Grandpap! Grandpap!" she called.

No reply.

She parted the cover and looked within.

An empty bottle lying by the old man's side bore abundant testimony alike to his weakness and to his deceit.

"Oh, Grandpap! What will become of us!" she almost sobbed, her cheeks blanching. She made haste to cover his unconscious form deeply under blankets, quilts and comforters.

For her own protection she encased her feet in wool-lined arctics and her hands in fur mittens, and drew on over her ordinary cloak a blue army overcoat, turning the cape up over her head and fastening it there in such a manner as to protect her ears and face. The overcoat and other articles had been, with wise

foresight, provided against the possibility of such a need. In five minutes she was ready, grotesquely wrapped and weighted down from head to foot, until scarcely a vestige of her identity remained. Between turning back and pressing forward she scarcely hesitated; she would go forward. And the wagon was again put into motion.

A wave of wind, vast, immeasurable, swept the prairies. Upon its crest were tossed the blades of grass and litter and dust it had gleaned from a hundred miles of hill and plain. Its touch chilled the blood. Its caress sent an icy shudder to the heart. Rapidly the gathering clouds overspread the sky, and swiftly they blotted out the sun. A snowflake came reeling out of space, driven and buffeted. Another followed, and then another and many more. Their numbers doubled and multiplied. They swarmed. They whitened the air. They plunged in phalanxes to the earth. They were caught up and whirled about in dizzy dances, were borne aloft on giddy wings and poised in mid-air, to go eddying and circling and scurrying here and there and everywhere, fantastic myrmidons of cloud and storm.

The cold became bitter and biting. Clothing seemed an inadequate protection against it. The wind searched out every unguarded point, every opening, every interstice, and entered with its frosty stings.

Azubah rode and walked alternately, swinging her arms and stamping her feet and rubbing her face with her gloved hands to keep her blood in circulation and her extremities from freezing.

Her grandfather continued in his drunken stupor. She tried repeatedly to rouse him, but to no effect.

The wind sifted and winnowed the snow, pounding it, packing it, freezing it, filling the road, burying the dead grass, and obliterating all objects in one common, storm-swept waste.

Azubah's courage began to falter. She found difficulty in keeping the road. The horses, poor, discouraged beasts, lowered their heads, and cringed and shivered with the cold. The wind seemed to lick

up and greedily absorb all the heat from their bodies. Only the firm hand and encouraging voice of their mistress restrained them from turning aside to yield dumbly to the fury of the blast. She had no means of estimating the distance traveled, so effectively had all the surrounding landscape been effaced. But she instinctively felt that the end of that dreaded journey across Twelve-Mile Flat must be drawing near. She remembered that the first house would appear near the road on her left, and she began peering into the thick, driving tempest, anxiously hoping that it might soon come into view.

While thus engaged, her attention diverted in a measure from her team, she noticed a slight change in the direction of the wind. Instead of descending obliquely against her from the front and right, the flakes came at right angles to the westerly course she was pursuing. A little later they veered still more, and presently struck the rear end of the wagon, coming apparently from the east. A change so unusual puzzled her. Then swiftly a dark suspicion crossed her mind. She leaned out over the edge of the box and looked down into the road. The wheels were laying bare the blades and stems of the brown, untrodden grass. No road was there. The team had wandered out of it and was drifting with the wind.

She stood up and scanned the circumscribed area of visible landscape about her. All was merged in one unvarying sheet of snow. Her heart almost stopped beating. She grew faint and dizzy. Impulsively her lips parted and she was on the point of crying, "Grandpap!" But she caught her breath and choked back the sound. As well appeal to the insensate wind.

During the next two hours of futile effort to regain the road, only a wild tangle of ideas seemed to infest her brain. Urging the team forward, she wandered helplessly here and there, dazed, half-blinded, despairing. In an uncertain way she was conscious, when all hope seemed lost, of

still sympathizing with her faithful servants, and of clumsily unhitching them with numb fingers and turning them loose to take their chances with the storm; of clearing away the snow in the meagre shelter of the wagon, and pouring out for them half a sack of corn; of trying again and again, frantically, to revive some spark of life in her grandfather; of eating a frozen sandwich, forcing herself to swallow it from an instinctive belief that it was necessary; of sitting in the wagon and listening to the wind and the snow driving pitilessly against the cover, until a drowsiness began to steal over her; then, realizing that if she slept she would never wake, of climbing down, and, breathing a prayer even in her mild delirium for the old grandfather she was leaving behind, of setting out, sobbing, to follow in the track of the storm. She walked, she stumbled, she ran breathlessly, she blundered through drifts, she allowed the wind to impel her forward at its will, she staggered, and still on, and on, without definite aim or purpose only that she must not pause while strength lasted or bewildered reason remained.

Memory at length became a temporary blank. Of its duration she had no definite means of judging. She must have walked unceasingly. Her next gleam of consciousness revealed a small dwelling with a light shining from the windows out into the darkness. It was a perplexing puzzle to her. She stood before it trying to steady herself until she could properly comprehend its significance. Then, feeling her limbs giving way and her head swimming, she summoned all her remaining strength and, uttering a long, despairing cry, sank down in the snow and knew no more.

Azubah opened her eyes and looked around. She was lying on an improvised cot in a small, cheaply furnished room, with the morning sunlight streaming through the window. A matronly-looking woman moved quietly about in the discharge of her household duties.

"What does it mean? Where am I?"

were Azubah's first questions. The weakness of her own voice startled her.

"Awake, are you? Well, don't go to worryin', my dear," said the woman in tones meant to be kind and patronizing. "I reckon you've been havin' trouble enough."

"Why, what's happened?" pursued Azubah.

"Folks as are in your condition hadn't best to know too much at onc't." The woman evidently flattered herself that she was restraining her own curiosity, and breaking the news to the young lady very gently.

"My condition?" Azubah repeated inquiringly. And to satisfy herself on this point she slowly rose to a sitting posture, though in doing so it sorely taxed her little remaining strength.

"There's been a blizzard," said the woman. "Didn't you wander away from somewhere, or do something, and get lost?"

"Oh, yes,—I begin to remember now, and—" Azubah recalled, as well as she was able, the terrible experience through which she had passed. But a part seemed a blur of indistinctness from which nothing definite could be separated.

"How long have I been here?" she asked.

"Since dark last night," the woman replied. "You screamed like a painter right out there under the window. It scared me. But Jerry, that's my husband, he says, 'That's a woman hollerin',' and he went right out bareheaded and brought you in all limpsy and white in that soldier coat like a real dead person. We made you drink hot milk, and rubbed you with camfire, and after a while you opened your eyes big and wild and called 'Grandpap!' just like that. Then you looked at us slow and curious like you didn't know who we was, and went right off to sleep as sweet as a little baby."

"Has anybody gone for Grandpap? He mustn't stay out there in the cold! Where is he?" Azubah said this in a breath.

"Bless me, child, I don't know!" returned the woman. "Whose grandpa is he?"

"Why, mine, of course!" Azubah impatiently returned. "I had to leave him in the wagon because he was too—because he couldn't come when I did. He's all alone."

"Goodness alive, then!" the woman exclaimed in a flutter. "He must be got right in. I'll call Jerry."

The grandfather was found lying exactly as Azubah had left him. From his pulseless, frozen body, life had departed in the night.

The funeral took place at Azubah's home the second day afterward. She herself personally directed everything, and though her face was pale and pinched from suffering and exposure, she went through the ordeal with remarkable calmness and self-possession. Neighbors were constantly at hand to render any service that might be required; and from no source came help of a more substantial or spontaneous character than from Piety Corners.

Azubah immediately decided to remain on the claim. A young lady teacher out of regular employment, but having a small subscription class in the neighborhood, consented to live with her for the time being, and these two soon became warmly attached to each other.

"I fail to understand why your—why no papers were ever filed on this claim," said Bud Stusey to her one day as he stood loitering at the door.

"You were on the point of speaking of Grandpap just then," said Azubah, "and you broke off so as to avoid wounding my feelings. You need never do that. I am not disposed, like some people, to stop talking about my friends after they are gone from me. Nobody thought more of Grandpap than I did, and he knew it well enough. Why should I assume an affected air now that he is dead? Why should I mope about in black to advertise my loss? Who will benefit by it? What's the use?"

"Your ideas are practical, and—sensible," Bud ventured as a compliment. "But referring to the subject of the claim again—do you know you have a right to take it yourself?"

"Oh, yes," she returned. "But I haven't given it any very serious thought of late. I often urged Grandpap to make that first filing, but he kept saying the land couldn't run away, and as long as he had me at his elbow to make it interesting for claim-jumpers the red-tape business could wait. And, candidly, my means are short. We brought our all with us to the claim and I have nearly reached the last dollar. If the poor man could only have let whisky alone!"

"Did he drink after the day we helped him into the house?"

"Mr. Stusey, Grandpap never lost an opportunity of drinking! He couldn't help it. His will power was not strong enough to withstand the force of his old habits. Grandpap was a kind, good man at heart; he meant well enough, and one object we had in coming out here into this raw prairie was to escape the temptations that seemed always getting the upper hand of him on the ranch. But the temptations kept right after him as if they were his own shadow. People think the blizzard caused Grandpap's death. It was not the blizzard alone—it was blizzard and whisky together. And that makes it so much harder to bear!" After a little pause in which she struggled to keep back the tears, she continued, "I hope you will excuse me for indulging in such talk. You are the first person to whom I ever told these things and if you had not accidentally discovered the secret you would not be hearing more about it now yourself."

"It is safe in my keeping," Bud affirmed. "I have too much respect for you to repeat it."

"You might have less respect for me if you knew more of my family and its misfortunes," Azubah quietly observed. "The stain of Grandpap's disgrace is not the only one on its name."

"What has that to do with your name

so long as you are not personally concerned in it nor responsible for it?" he propounded.

"Do you know that to be true?" she asked, swiftly lifting her eyes to his face.

"I know only what you have told me, and what I gather from inference," he returned.

"You have no right to gather inferences on that subject," she insisted. "You have a right to judge me only by what you know of me. Inferences are sometimes unjust and cruel."

"Then you would enlighten a fellow before allowing him to make a sacrifice of himself for your sake, would you not?"

"You are not talking to the point now," she coolly informed him. "If you mean to ask me if I would consent to marry a man who knew nothing of my antecedents or their character, I can very soon inform you that I would not. I should consider that I had taken a mean advantage of his ignorance if I permitted him the privilege of paying me a devotion—you would call it making a sacrifice—so blind and unreasoning."

"And you would not consent to open his eyes to a better understanding of yourself, even if he convinced you of his sincerity and worth?"

"By becoming disloyal to my own family?—assuredly not."

"Not even if he asked you?"

"Not even if he asked me."

Azubah gazed after his retreating figure as he walked away some moments later and wondered whether the capability and manliness suggested by his bearing had all this time escaped her observation, or had come to him as a somewhat recent endowment.

When Bud called again, some two weeks later, Azubah welcomed him cordially, professing pleasure in the meeting. He found her alone, the school mistress being absent with her class.

"I wish to speak to you again about your claim," he announced, after some preliminary hedging.

A peculiar smile came into her face.

"I don't quite understand it, but I have acquired a distaste for that subject," she said. "You ought to take the claim yourself, Mr. Stusey."

"That's precisely what I wanted to suggest," he returned, brightening. "While I was in the land-office yesterday, a man incautiously informed me that he intended making formal entry in his own name and contesting your right."

"And he may have begun by this time," said Azubah.

"No, he failed to act with sufficient promptness. The fact is, Miss Stapleton, I jumped the claim myself."

"You!"

"Yes. Why not? Do you know of any sensible objection to our exercising a joint proprietorship over it?"

"Such an idea!" exclaimed Azubah, a delicate flush tinting her cheeks.

"I am talking sober facts, and, I think, very good sense," Bud sturdily maintained. "But understand, Miss Stapleton, you are under no obligations to me on this or any other account. One word from you sends me back to Grapho tomorrow morning to relinquish my right. That step was taken for the purpose of saving you the embarrassment and expense of going into court with a contest, and not to influence you in my favor. Let me tell you more; I have just returned from Cañon City."

The color suddenly fled from her face.

"I am better prepared to talk to the point than on a previous occasion," he went on after a brief pause. "Do you remember insisting at that time that a fellow should know something of your family history and misfortunes before paying you a certain compliment with any hope of a favorable hearing?"

"Oh, not exactly that—something similar, perhaps," she conceded, the color slowly returning to her face. "I say a great many foolish and eccentric things."

"My history lesson is ready," he continued. "Will you hear me recite?"

She lifted her eyes appealingly to his face.

"At the age of six you lost your

mother," he began, misinterpreting the language of her silence. "You never had brother or sister. Your father is at this time serving a life sentence in the penitentiary, and you are bound by a promise made to him neither to reveal the fact that you are the daughter of a murderer, nor consent to wed a man ignorant of your father's disgrace. Have I recited correctly?"

She sat speechless, her breath coming quick and fast. He had risen to his feet and advanced a step toward her. The direct, concise manner in which he went about making himself understood filled her with surprise and admiration.

"I have not learned these things out of idle curiosity," he went on rapidly. "They were hard conditions you laid down and

they compelled me to follow a course which was distasteful to me and from which I shrank as from something abhorrent. I hope my information has been acquired to some purpose. I do not hold you to account for any of the crimes or mistakes of your ancestors. You stand upon your own merits, as I do upon mine. Knowing these things I am here to declare my love to you. Are you now willing to admit me to a life partnership with you in the control and management of the claim?"

She stood up, her eyes downcast, her face beautiful in its betrayal of her confusion, and in the silence that followed a small white hand in some unaccountable manner lost its identity in the palm of a big brown one.



THE YOUNG HOMESTEADERS.

A HISTORY OF THREE YEARS' LIFE IN DAKOTA.

BY FRANK W. CALKINS.

PART I. GETTING A START.

TOM and Maisie Hewitt were left orphans when Tom was but twelve and Maisie nine years old. Their mother died when Maisie was a baby, and the loss of their father left them without near kinfolk.

The executor of their father's estate, Mr. Jones, who was also appointed guardian to them, sold the farm upon which they had been reared in Wisconsin, provided them a home in his own family, and for five years sent them to the nearest village school. They had no relatives whom they had ever seen or who took any interest in their affairs.

At the end of five years the patrimony which had been left them, and which Mr. Jones, a kind-hearted and conscientious man, had husbanded carefully, was nearly exhausted. It had been directed by their father to be used for their support and education until they should be old enough

to look out for themselves. Tom was now a well-grown, stout boy of seventeen, and Maisie a healthy, vigorous girl, quite able to do housework, in a small way at least.

When Tom, who had caught "the Dakota fever" then raging in their neighborhood, declared his intention of emigrating to that territory to make a home for himself and sister, their guardian did not object; and Maisie, who was to be left until Tom got "straightened around" on the new claim, cried until it was arranged that she should go along.

Mr. Jones gave them a half-dozen pigs and some chickens, sold Tom a span of young horses, took the boy's note (due in two years) for them, and then went with the young emigrants to help in locating them upon a homestead in the new country.

They shipped horses, pigs, chickens and the household furniture which had

been left them, and got off a passenger coach one raw day in March at the new town of Marionette, just twenty-four hours ahead of the freight train on board which their effects had been shipped. Marionette—*notwithstanding its musical name*—was then a rough, bustling place of new frame buildings of box-like architecture, with the sounds of hammer and saw deafening the ear in daytime, and a revelry of fiddling and shouting at night that had a still more reckless cadence,—sounds that, floating in at Maisie's window at the "Emigrant's Home," gave her a strange, uneasy and homesick feeling.

This new and booming town in which they had landed, directed by the glowing reports of newspapers and land circulars, was located upon the extreme frontier of what is now the State of South Dakota. It speedily became and is yet a place of importance. But even then, with but a year's growth upon it, so great had been the rush of immigration, there were no homestead lands left for entry within a circuit of twenty miles.

Maisie spent several days of wretched loneliness at the Emigrant's Home, lonely despite the crowds of excited, loud-talking men, and nervous, tired women with screaming babies, moving into and out of its rooms and hallways. She stayed while Tom and Mr. Jones, guided by a "locating agent," hunted for government stakes and corners of vacant "sections" upon the bleak prairies miles away.

And when they did not get back at night the young girl cried bitterly and more than once wished herself back at Greenville. But all this was soon changed in the excitement of a new life; for the claim was at length located, a smooth square, a quarter section of rich, level prairie land, twenty-three miles southwest of Marionette. Tom, as "head" of a family, was, on the release of Mr. Jones' guardianship, entitled to file the necessary papers. Then came the buying of a new lumber wagon, a breaking plow, a couple of cows, the moving, and the building of a sod house which was ceiled and floored with clean lumber.

All this was accomplished in a few days, Maisie living with Tom and Mr. Jones in a tent, hired for the occasion, until the cabin was ready to occupy.

Then a sod stable was built, with a frame of rough timbers, mangers for the horses and cows, and apartments for the pigs and chickens. Tom was then ready to begin breaking the sod. Luckily, the newcomers had a near neighbor, a young Norwegian, named Halvor Severson, who had taken a claim the fall before on a quarter in the same section—"Section 22"—adjoining their land. His cabin was only eighty rods distant, and Tom arranged to join teams with him in breaking sod, as neither had a team strong enough to do the work well alone.

Mr. Jones, not to lose by his trip, also preëmpted, and paid the government price for the northwest quarter of "22," and left the land in charge of Tom for a "herd ground" when his cattle should increase to need more pasturage.

"I'll jest forgit that I own that land, Tom," said the kind-hearted guardian, "till you git rich enough to buy it, and then you'll have a bigger and better farm than anybody in Green County at home."

He bade his young wards good-by with a moisture in his eyes which he was not ashamed to brush away with his coat sleeve.

"If bad luck comes," he said, "an' you can't make it go here, don't forgit there's a home left for ye at ole Greenville, an' I'll send ye money to come with, too."

The weeks which followed were busy ones. Tom and Halvor "pegged away" steadily at breaking and planting sod corn, potatoes and pumpkins, except when compelled to stop for occasional trips after wood. They got their firewood at Cow Creek, a small stream three miles to the southward.

And Maisie, too, found enough to do. The housework was light, but she was not content with that as her share of the labor. She "went into" chicken raising with her dozen hens, and planted and tended a garden on the ground which

Tom and Halvor prepared, Halvor to have a share in the vegetables for the help he gave.

Tom declared that Maisie was a famous housekeeper, a "regular hustler," and notified her that she was taken in as junior partner of the firm of "Hewitt and Co."

She made coops for her chickens out of the dry-goods boxes in which their effects had been packed in moving, and soon had quite a flock—half a hundred or more little downy things to look after. They delighted her heart, too, and she hovered over them like a young mother, talking "chicken talk" to them in a way that made Tom roar with laughter. But he spent hours in that way which would have passed lonely enough but for the diversion.

All went well with her industry until about the first of June, when a "Dakota zephyr" came. It pounced upon her and her precious brood about the middle of a sunny forenoon, sweeping down in a cold blast from the northwest which blew for hours as though the very Furies were behind it.

Maisie was making bread and her first indication of the wind-storm was a tumultuous and increasing roar which she took to be thunder. Her only window was on the south and as the sun was shining in at that, she concluded a thunder storm was coming from the west—from the Missouri River—as usual. She and Tom had already learned that thunder showers in their region were mostly gusty and local affairs. She hastily washed the dough from her fingers, and ran out to look after her chicken coops, which she had built on the east side of the cabin to protect them from the prevailing rain storms. She was met by a blinding cloud of dust and a blast from the north that flung her upon the ground and nearly tore the clothes from her body.

In vain she tried to struggle to her feet, to brace against the hurricane, to do something to prevent the wreckage which, despite the blinding clouds of dust, and her strugglings, her anxious eyes saw go-

ing on. She was actually compelled to crawl upon hands and knees back to the shelter of the south end, but not until she had seen two or three of her frailest coops torn away slat by slat and the hens and chickens blown helpless out of sight upon the dust-ridden prairie. The little chicks were tumbled, bounding like rubber balls, and most of them must have been killed instantly. One of the hens was blown high in the air, going "end over end," her wings flopping and fluttering aimlessly, while another fought desperately, clutching at the earth and the grass, and hovering, head to the wind with close wings, when she could catch her feet, but losing ground, in spite of her gallant fight.

Along with the chickens, too, went Maisie's wash-tub, which she had set at the north end of the cabin to keep it out of the sun. This went to pieces after a few gigantic leaps, and even the staves and iron hoops were blown out of sight in a twinkling.

Maisie got inside the cabin and wept bitterly.

When, after a hard struggle in getting in his horses from the field of breaking, Tom fought his way to the cabin, he found Maisie lying face down upon the couch in her curtained corner.

He had discovered her loss.

"Never mind, Sis," he shouted in his cheery fashion; "I'll go to Cow Creek soon's this wind goes down and bring a load of poles and I'll make a lot of coops that not even a cyclone can tear up. There's only three hens and broods gone; the other three that you built up against the sods are all right. There's plenty of time to raise chickens yet. Tell you what, too, we're going to have an artesian well next year; Halvor 'n' I are going in together on it. They're striking 'em right along over in the Jim River country, and Howell over here says this is a natural artesian basin as there is in the territory. You can keep your tub full of water then—no trouble to haul it as we have to now."

They were hauling their water in bar-

rels from a pond a mile distant. Two barrels were kept with covers on at the north end of the cabin, and two others used for hauling were kept in a vacant corner of the cabin when not in use.

Maisie's interest in artesian wells was easily roused and soon she was asking eager questions, and Tom, who had learned a great deal from the pamphlets of railroads and Immigration Bureaus, talked quite learnedly and with big enthusiasm about "flowing wells" and the certainty of overcoming all the difficulties of the "Dry Belt." The region in which they had located was one as favorable to rains as any in the Territory according to "old timers" who were acquainted with most parts of its vast scope, but even here, one year of drouth in four must be counted on.

Tom had had a talk that very morning with Howell, the owner of a big wheat and stock farm, whose large buildings and high wind mill and tower could be plainly seen any clear day four miles away across Cow Creek in the southwest.

Maisie often sat in her doorway and gazed with longing eyes on that big group of buildings and dreamed of the time when Tom and she should own a big well-stocked farm with splendid buildings like those. She concluded the folks over there must be pretty grand and of course they wouldn't think of stepping inside her sod shanty. Still she had wished they could know that it had a real floor with boarded and papered walls and that it was real clean inside.

So when Tom told her that the actual owner of that big farm had stopped that morning on his way to Marionette—the Cow Creek road ran through Halvor's quarter—and had talked a long time, with him and Halvor, and told them lots about the country—that he himself was the first settler in the county, that he had sold a large farm in Iowa and invested in cheap Dakota lands, that the name of his "ranch" was "The Coteau Wheat Farm," with much other information, Maisie began to feel that they were already acquainted with some of the "big-

bugs" of the country. She felt that they were getting a foothold.

For Maisie had ideas, if she was only fourteen and a half.

In the meantime, the wind howled and tore outside. It was impossible for Tom to get around to do anything more than look after the stock in the barn.

The next morning, however, the "zephyr" had subsided. The corn and vegetables which had just begun to "show rows" looked sickly and bedraggled enough, where the hills could be found at all, but luckily very few plants were advanced far enough to be seriously injured. It was found that two of the hens and sixteen of the chickens were missing—one hen with five of the larger chicks had been blown behind the stable, which was in line of the storm, and had taken refuge there.

After breakfast that morning Tom hitched his horses to the wagon and drove to Cow Creek for the promised poles.

It is a trite enough saying that misfortunes and disagreeable things "never come singly." That afternoon Maisie was treated to an experience far more trying and provoking than the loss of her chickens.

Halvor came over from his field and asked her to marry him.

Maisie was doing her small ironing when the young Norwegian came in. She welcomed him heartily for she was lonely enough, but when he coolly proposed that she should "coom ofer und lif on may haus," she gazed at him with angry astonishment.

"Ay sall mek goot home," he assured her, "und ay gat me hosses and blenty gows and vay gat long pairty goot to-gedder."

She scurried around to the other side of her table and glared at him. Then the funny side of his offer overcame her; she leaned upon her ironing and, child like, kicked her heels against the wall in peals of merriment as she imagined what Tom would say when he heard of this.

But when Halvor good-naturedly took her laughing for assent and began to talk

about getting "marrit on day vinter," she burst out upon him with righteous indignation.

"You go right home, Halvor Severson," she commanded, "and don't you ever come inside our door till you get such silliness out of your head. You've no business talking to a girl like me that way. Do you hear? Now go!"

And he went out feeling crestfallen enough. When Tom got back he found Maisie still in a high state of wrath. He, too, was indignant when told of her adventure and stormed not a little. Finally, however, the fun of the affair came uppermost with both the young people; they had a hearty laugh together and dropped the matter.

The subject was never mentioned again and soon Halvor came and went, stolid and good humored as usual.

Tom also had a surprise in store for Maisie that evening. After they had had supper and his "chores" were done, he came into the cabin lugging a big speckled hen, looking a little "befuddled in her feathers," as Maisie said afterwards; one of the identical brood mothers so unceremoniously blown away the day before.

Maisie went into ecstasies.

"Where do you think I found her?"

Tom asked, while his sister cuddled the blinking hen in her arms and cooed like a mother over a lost child.

"Out on the prairie, poor thing, of course," said Maisie.

"No, sir, down on Cow Creek; she came to the wagon while I was cutting poles and I found her there clucking around the horses' heels just as though she was at home. Must have been blown clear down there and got into the brush and come out when she heard me racketing around there. The old biddy gave me a big chase, though, before I caught her and tied her legs.

The next morning Tom made several strong coops, by driving circles of stout stakes in the ground, deep enough to insure their standing against any wind but a cyclone, and close enough together to keep out marauding wild animals.

Maisie persevered in chicken raising, making one hen take care of two broods, until by the first of September she had over one hundred well-grown chickens. These were housed at night in the sod stable as soon as they were too big for the coops, and the door of the stable was tightly closed.

They had no more such furious winds that summer, and the crops did fairly well. The corn raised was of an early variety and not marketable, but there was plenty to feed the horses that winter and to fatten the pigs.

The pigs, however, could not be made ready for market before spring, and, but for the chickens and butter they were able to sell, the winter might have pinched them severely. Their little store of money was exhausted in purchasing the needed outfit for beginning upon their claim and for the supplies which had been bought for the summer when they were at Marionette. But they sold in November and December over fifty dollars' worth of poultry and butter. Their cows were "late," and during the summer the calves took nearly all the milk, so their butter-making came in the fall, and as the cows were fed corn the yield was good. Tom helped in washing and churning, and when he was compelled to make trips to Marionette got Halvor to attend to his stock, and took Maisie with him.

As for Halvor, he began in September paying visits to a Norwegian neighborhood some miles west of the town, and one day, late in November, brought home a buxom young Norse girl whom he had married the day before.

Tom and Maisie were immensely pleased at this, and as young Mrs. Severson proved to be a bright, pleasant girl who talked English very well, she and Maisie soon became fast friends. The nearest neighbors of the two little families were as yet two miles and a half distant, and so they had the best of reasons for being good friends.

The winter was dreary enough, however, to Tom and Maisie. Snow came

on deep and drifted the ravines full. There was no getting to the distant town with team or horse, even for mail.

In making hay, Tom had "changed works" with Halvor, who owned an old mower, so that there was plenty of feed for the stock. Then, after haying, the young settlers had joined hands in digging a well at a point in a dip, or slight ravine, about half-way between the cabins. They found a vein of water, luckily, quite near the surface—a thing which could not be done, they had learned, upon the Coteau lands, above "Cow Creek Basin," in which they had located. Thus, when a supply of fuel was laid in, there was little for the men to do but feed and care for their stock.

Tom and Maisie put in a good bit of time in study, for they had brought all their school-books. They "hammered" away at mathematics—even at Tom's special bugbear, quadratic equations, and devoured history, geography and physiology. Tom had some old agricultural reports which his father had been furnished by the member of Congress from their home district. The young homesteader poured over these with enthusiasm. He got much valuable infor-

mation, too, especially as to the diseases of swine, horses and poultry, to which the reports happened to be chiefly addressed. These scientific but minutely explanatory treatises were "enriched," as Tom told Maisie, "with death-like illustrations," their colored plates showing in ugly scarifications and cross-sections every phase in the advance of insidious disease.

They got letters from Greenville and the county paper, printed at Marionette, three times that winter. They owed this favor to Halvor Severson who owned a pair of Norwegian *skis* and was expert in their use. He made trips in January, February and March, leaving Lida, his wife, to stay with Maisie, and Tom to look after his stock.

In the main, the chief diversion of the winter was the frequent serenades of the coyotes that shrieked and yapped of nights, almost under their cabin eaves, and occasional blizzards of fast-falling snow that buried their cabin, leaving them at the close to dig themselves into the outer world again; but on the whole they gained in the hardihood and courage necessary to meet coming trials.

[To be Continued.]



A MODERN REBECCA.

By J. J. MAXFIELD.

IT WAS the middle of June. The roses were in full bloom at The Highlands, and the golden orioles were hanging their slender hammocks high in the elms. Flotillas of white, plummy clouds drifted leisurely across the pale blue skies, dappling the meadows and wheat-fields with momentary shadows in their passing.

Lying in the shade of the elms, stretched out at full length, John Burnside was not altogether oblivious to the beauty and loveliness of his surroundings. His soul was stirred within him as he pondered a question which presented difficulties hard

to master. It was a trouble that had pressed upon his heart, like a great millstone, for twenty long years. He stood up suddenly and surveyed his broad acres—six hundred and forty of them. He glanced off at the river, flowing peacefully on to its destiny, and walked slowly toward the long hedge-row, at the west boundary of his land.

Beyond this hedge, and down under the hill, was a narrow little valley and a cottage. For twenty years John Burnside had clipped the hedge—sometimes when there was no need of it—and kept an eye

on the movements of Gloria Townsend as she went about her domestic affairs at The Lowlands. Twenty years! How long they seemed to him! And yet for twenty years Gloria had lived there almost alone. At the death of her mother, she had taken possession of the little homestead, and planned to care for herself.

There were a few acres of land and a young Jersey cow for a beginning. What was a slender girl of eighteen to do with no arm to lean upon, and without experience? The question was still more complicated and difficult of solution when John Burnside came down over the hill and offered his hand and fortune as his solution of the matter.

But Gloria, with a proud air almost amounting to scorn, put the tempting offer aside with an answer that sent her suitor back to The Highlands to live the life of a bachelor. She was poor, she reasoned, —too poor to take the risk of marrying a man who was considered wealthy. She had little education, only such as the country schools afforded; his education had been rounded out at the University. She had neither beauty nor dowry to bring him—nothing but a few acres of unproductive land and her beautiful Jersey cow.

She remembered also that the lord of The Highlands once half seriously said there was no room on his meadows for Jerseys among his sleek shorthorns.

Her little Jersey had a pedigree high enough to rank with the best. She would go into the dairy business in a small way and achieve success. Where there was a will there had always been a way, and this time it must be a woman's way.

From decision to action was an easy step. The daring enterprise was a success, and the quality of the butter made at The Lowlands made the brave little woman famous throughout the township and in the city a few miles distant.

And now, after twenty years had passed, John Burnside stood once more by the hedge-row on the hill and looked down into Gloria's Vale of Chamouni.

As he stood there summoning up cour-

age for action, the door of the cottage opened and Gloria tripped out and down to the well in the clover-field as lightly as though she were sixteen instead of thirty-eight.

With a boldness that seemed to him audacity, John Burnside leaped the hedge and began the descent of the hill. The dry hazel brush snapped beneath his feet, and a rabbit leaped out of a tuft of grass and made a rapid circuit of the hill. A quail, unaccustomed to strangers, sat on the pasture bars and whistled his familiar "bob white," and dropped off into the ruddy clover.

The cows were coming up the path to the well, and Gloria greeted them by patting Jenny Lind on her sleek side and affectionately winding her arms about the glossy neck of Adelina Patti. Litta and Nevada pressed up close for their share of petting.

Gloria turned to the well and—there stood John Burnside, cool and determined, as she plainly saw by the cast of his countenance. It was a bit of history repeated—a Nineteenth Century Jacob and Rachel meeting at the well; and as the elder Jacob was thoughtful enough to draw water for the beautiful Rachel who kept her father's flocks, could John Burnside afford to be less considerate?

"May I draw the water, Gloria?" he began almost pleadingly. "You have been doing this work for so long that a rest will do you good."

She did not seem to be at all surprised; not even a trace of color came into her face or faded out of it, and her reply was as commonplace and natural as though the conversation had been continued for an hour. "O, this is only play," she said; "I find nothing tiresome that I do for my little beauties. Are they not lovely?" she inquired, glancing up at him as she spoke.

John's thoughts were like a boiling caldron. It seemed to him almost profane to lavish so much love on the dumb creatures when so many human hearts were dying for want of it. Then he noticed how provokingly free from agitation

was the demure little woman who stood before him. Seeming not to notice her little outburst of enthusiasm, he began to unburden his mind.

"Perhaps I am trespassing, Gloria, but I have come back to you."

She looked at him coldly, almost sternly.

"Are you not ready to give up this lonely life and reconsider the answer given when you were young and less considerate than now?"

She stood up proudly, almost disdainfully. "Indeed! And have I aged so very much that you no longer think it necessary to spare me on account of my great antiquity?"

John blushed scarlet; he had not anticipated this spirited thrust, and it was not easy to recant when he was uncertain of the exact temper of his confessor.

"But, Gloria, you can but see that both of us are grown gray in this struggle with fate, and it seems appallingly like fate of our own ordering. No good can come to either of us from this course of action, for it is against both nature and reason."

He had expressed himself in plain words, not easily misunderstood, but he had not expressed all he felt—that must come later on if at all.

Gloria scanned him from head to foot. How handsome and matured he appeared as he stood there pressing his suit, gravitating between hope and fear!

The dark, slightly curling hair was, indeed, somewhat sprinkled with gray, and his eyes were tender and supplicating, but back of all was the honest heart still cherishing its true ideal through twenty uncomplaining years. And here he stood once more, pleading for a reconsideration! Gloria was tempted to surrender without conditions, but she thought of several reasons why it seemed prudent not to do so. She leaned slightly on the high curbing of the well and her clear, dark eyes looked him full in the face. "John Burnside,"—there was a slight tremor in her voice now,—“does it not seem a trifle like presumption for you to penetrate into

my solitude and wage war upon me after this fashion?"

John folded his arms and tried to look like an outlaw.

"You must know," she added, "that the Rubicon still lies between us!"

"But you perceive that Cæsar has already invaded your Italy," he replied blandly.

"Your presence gives point to the remark you make; but you will observe that the Alps are impassable, and if they are figurative they must not be ignored."

"But it is said 'there are no Alps,'" he retorted.

Gloria's tell-tale eyes betrayed the emotion she was trying to conceal; but John's quick discernment made him fully aware of the situation.

Emboldened by the discovery, he drew nearer and laid his broad palm softly on her hand. "To be serious, Gloria, a man at forty is not usually a trifle with affairs of this nature, and you must know that the years have had no power to change the love I have cherished for you. Answer me truly, will you not come home with me to The Highlands?" The words came brokenly, passionately, betraying the tide of tenderness that stirred within.

Gloria's eyes glanced at him, then dropped slowly to the ground. "But, John, if I consent to this, what then will become of my *prima donnas*? It will be impossible for me to part with them, and they can scarcely do without me. 'A stranger's voice will they not follow.' " She timidly raised her eyes to his and in a bantering way added, "You surely have not forgotten that the little Jerseys were without honor at The Highlands twenty years ago!"

John looked distressed, and replied, almost impatiently, "Must our sins always find us out! That unfortunate jest was duly repented of the same hour it was uttered."

Gloria had carried her objections to the very last ditch, but she still held to her fortifications.

"Gloria, here is your prisoner at the bar waiting for sentence—ready for the guillotine or for coronation; which shall it be?" The serio-comic manner with which he uttered the words caused her to smile.

"But, John," she remonstrated, "you did not quite clear away the mist that still hovers about your dislike of the Jerseys."

"Well, I now say it with all the solemnity at my command, in the august pres-

ence of these meek-eyed witnesses, that I do not ask that a single hoof be left behind! Is there any suspicion of an attempt to equivocate in that answer?"

Gloria smiled, but back of the smile was the sarcastic spirit, not yet entirely extinguished. "In that case, Sir John of The Highlands, we will all come to your protection. Is there any suspicion of an attempt to equivocate in that answer?"—slipping her hand within his.



MY FRIEND, JAMES CROKER.

BY L. ALLIS.

MY ATTENTION was first called to him by a certain peculiar stiffness and erectness of gait. The line of his back, whether sitting or standing, was always perpendicular to the horizon; and he moved in a wooden, jerky fashion, which suggested that he was provided with only the more important joints, and that those details which contribute to agility and grace had been omitted as unnecessary. At the moment I speak of, he was asking me for change for a five-dollar bill.

"Please give it to me," he said, "so I can get fifteen cents out of it."

He frequently had occasion to ask me for change, as I was cashier of the business house in which he was employed, and he always couched his request in exactly the same terms, except that sometimes he wanted ten cents or five cents instead of fifteen. At these times, the clerks who sat near, being a light-hearted, not to say frivolous, set, were wont to giggle; and although his explicit manner of stating his desires saved me some trouble, inasmuch as I was not put to the necessity of asking him, "How will you have it?" or "How small change do you want?" I nevertheless wished sometimes that, for variety's sake, he would express himself a little differently.

Of course it is not easy to see what there is in painstaking accuracy and precision of statement to excite mirth or impatience, but human nature, ever frail and imperfect, is apt to be jealous and intolerant of what is superior to itself.

It was perhaps to vary the irritating monotony of his formula that, when time served, I made spasmodic attempts at conversation, and succeeded in extracting from him one or two carefully considered statements concerning the weather. On one occasion he unbent still further,—unbent, that is, in a figurative sense. Literally, he was never known to unbend, but was always strung up to a poker-like rigidity. On one occasion, I say, when the twilight was gathering, and I was putting my desk straight for the night, he asked me if I was familiar with the classics, and confided to me that it was a matter of regret to him that his early education had been less extensive than he could have wished, and that he was supplementing it by the solitary study of Greek in the evening hours.

His desire for self-improvement showed itself in another practice of his. It was his wont to cover sheets of foolscap paper with long columns of figures, and in those odd moments, pauses in his daily duties, when he would have been otherwise unem-

ployed, to foot them up, with a view to perfecting himself in the art of addition. His fellow clerks, who had no comprehension of art for art's sake, but viewed all exertion from a strictly utilitarian standpoint, regarded his proceedings with amazement, and when finally convinced that he actually did take pleasure in adding, they brought to him all the work of that description that fell to their lot, remarking that "if old Croker's so dead stuck on adding he might as well put his work where it would do some good." It seemed to please them to find they could do him a service with so little personal sacrifice. I never knew him to refuse any task that was brought to him, whether he had time for it or not, and I have often seen him sitting alone in the office after all the rest had fled, finishing, by the light of one solitary lamp, some work, the rightful owner of which had departed whistling, with a pair of skates over his arm, half an hour before.

It was also one of his self-imposed duties to oil and regulate the typewriters, and he was constantly being called upon for assistance by the young ladies who operated those instruments. Besides his services, he frequently bestowed upon them apples, bananas and, in the season, delicious little green muskmelons, but although they ate his muskmelons with the utmost graciousness, he did not advance in intimacy with any of them. He was, in fact, one of those knights whose department is rather to serve fair dames than to receive favors from them. It was, therefore, with some slight surprise that I observed him one evening in the post-office, engaged in earnest conversation with a lady.

She was a new arrival, recently engaged as assistant to the postmaster. I noticed that she had a pleasant and sensible face, and that she was apparently listening very kindly to my friend. It was a little before the hour at which the crowd usually throng to the post-office, and they had the place to themselves when I went in. This being the case, I left as soon as possible, so as not to break the thread of his

discourse, which appeared to be to the effect that he valued not mere beauty in woman, but looked rather for graces of character.

I went away, pleasing myself with the thought that I had discovered an incipient romance; but not for worlds would I have breathed a word on the subject. I would as soon have betrayed the secret of a meadow-lark's nest; and, when Croker met my greeting next morning with a half-appealing, half-conscious glance, I preserved a blank and stolid expression, and asked him if he thought it would rain. I might have spared my pains, however. Murder will out. The next day the whole office was asking Croker if postage stamps were at a premium, and recommending each other to let Croker carry their mail to the post-office, as he would be going that way; such being their notion of humor.

The post-office young woman's name was Holsuckle; this was found to suggest Coalscuttle, under which title she was usually referred to. Kitty Simpson, one of the stenographers, in particular made a point of inquiring after "Miss Coalscuttle" every time she met poor Croker. "How is Miss Coalscuttle?" "Have you seen Miss Coalscuttle to-day?" "Give my regards to Miss Coalscuttle." The unfortunate Croker writhed under the infliction but was absolutely defenseless. It was torture to him to hear her name thus distorted and carelessly handed about; but not a word could he say. Finally, however, probably when goaded to desperation, he wrote a letter to Kitty, explaining in very formal but courteous terms that he had observed she had fallen into a mistake in regard to a lady's name, and that he took the liberty of setting her right, and he hoped that after seeing it written she would be able to remember it; that the lady in question was named *Holsuckle*, not *Coalscuttle*.

Kitty brought this letter and showed it to me as a great joke, but I noticed that after that she let him alone.

As winter closed in, a troublesome cough took possession of Croker. Ours

was the windy prairie country, where men pulled their caps down to their collars, and turned their collars up like ramparts behind; but Croker was careless in regard to his health and, no matter how cold the weather, he persisted in wearing a stiff Derby hat, which had a very cheerless and windy appearance, as the November gale whistled about his ears and ruffled his thin red hair. I remember thinking that if he did not know enough to take care of himself, his female relatives might have combined their resources and bought him a fur cap; but their ideas ran rather to paper weights and cuff-buttons; and he once showed me a particularly hideous scarf pin, which he said was a birthday gift from his sister. Therefore, when he appeared one morning with his head enveloped in an ample knitted scarf, it attracted my attention at once, and I was quick to express my approval. "Is it your sister's work?" I asked, innocently enough; but I wished I had not, when I saw the agony of embarrassment the question threw him into. He murmured, "Miss Holsuckle," and turned away to hide his blushes. I could hardly forgive myself for my stupidity, but I was glad to see that Miss Holsuckle's interest in my friend took such a practical form. It seemed to argue well for his comfort in the future. Also, on another occasion, when he entered the post-office, just as I was leaving, I heard her say, with much severity:

"You've come out without your over-shoes again."

I was not invited to the wedding, but I was informed by the bride's cousin that Croker went through the ceremony with great composure, and that he "stood up just as straight!"—which latter piece of information I thought unnecessary.

Every one agreed that Croker was greatly improved by his marriage. His wife became for him a medium of communication with that world of common feeling and easy good-fellowship which he had so long eyed wistfully across the barrier of his own stiff shyness. The couple became, for a time, quite gay.

They went to sociables and concerts, and even were seen, for a short time, at a dance. Of course not the wildest stretch of imagination could picture Croker dancing, but he watched the festivities with benignant interest.

I asked him, casually, how his studies in Greek were progressing, but he said his wife did not care for the language, considering the appearance of the Greek text unattractive, and that she was teaching him to play cribbage. He added that it was curious to note how much scope for mental exercise there was in a game of that kind.

Croker reached perhaps the culminating point of his social career when he took part in the production of *East Lynne*, by the local Dramatic Club. His part was that of a policeman, and although I thought on his first appearance that he lacked something of realizing my ideal of a stalwart defender of the law, I did not for a moment perceive that the missing item was his hat. A policeman without a hat is perhaps known to science, but I had never before encountered the phenomenon. I learned subsequently that the villain of the piece had aggravated his ill-treatment of poor Isabel and his other misconduct by stealing and hiding Croker's hat between the acts, so that the latter gentleman was obliged to appear in the exercise of his duty, much out of breath, after a hasty and fruitless search, with the bald spot on the top of his amiable head unprotected.

Mrs. Croker was considered to have made a hit in the character of the maiden aunt; although a serious difficulty had to be overcome before she could be induced to take the part. The scene where the aunt appears in her night-gown, with a flannel petticoat pinned over her head, was for a long time incompatible with Mrs. Croker's idea of delicacy, and the entire management was in despair, as there happened to be no one else available for that particular part. Finally, with the assistance of her friends, she hit on a compromise, and selected a *robe de nuit* somewhat abbreviated in length,

under which the ruffles of her black silk dress showed, a little on the plan of a choir-boy's surplice and cassock. As her costume included also a large bustle, the effect was as grotesque as could possibly have been desired, and the lady's modesty came through the ordeal without a scratch.

It was a year or so after this that I was called away on business of my own, and lost track of Croker for a time, although I incidentally heard of the birth of his little boy, and that his wife was far from strong. On my return, it was quite a shock to me to catch sight of him in the street looking even thinner and paler than in days of yore, and wearing a crape

band around his hat. "For his wife," I was told in answer to my inquiries. Alas, poor Croker! He had not observed me, nor was he in his accustomed place when I went back to the office next day and resumed my old duties. I dreaded to meet him, for the harrowing process of condolence loomed before me. I was thinking how I should best get through it when, turning suddenly, I saw him at my elbow. I looked at him helplessly, for the words of sympathy I would have spoken choked me; but in a moment I perceived that he was holding a piece of money in his hand.

"Please give me change," said he, "so I may get eight cents out of it."

HOME THEMES.

MINISTRY.

Whoever sings a song of peace
To soothe a tired child to rest,
Or turns the pillow of the sick
For weary head upon it pressed,
And binds to God, in charity,
Those restless hearts, with loving links,
Is nearer heaven than he thinks.

Whoever goes, in Sorrow's hour,
Into a lonely mourner's cot,
And takes her hand, speaks words of cheer,
And tells her God forsakes us not,
Is always listening to hear
An earnest prayer,—I know that he,
When life is o'er, thrice blest shall be.

Whoever hears the orphan's cry,
Makes smooth the path, makes glad
The heart,
Supplies the needs, removes the cause
That makes the mourner's tear-drop
start;
Our Father says this minist'ring one,
Who brightens eyes by tears made dim,
The same hath done it unto Him.

Whoever keeps a cheerful hearth
And meets her loved ones at the door
With smile and kiss and gentle voice,
And loving words from out her store,
And talks to them of faith and trust,
And brings them close to heaven by
prayer,—
I say, in truth, her home is there.

Whoever sings a song of love
To cheer the aged parent's heart,
And ministers with loving hands
And bids its sorrows all depart;
Who does his best, whate'er it be,
However small, God will record,
And surely grant a sweet reward.

Florence Gates Morris.

A DAY-DREAM AND A REFLECTION.

BY MINNIE STICHTER.

Youth is a dream; and happy the man and the woman to whom it is a dream of pleasure. Youth ought and is evidently intended to be a store-house from which to draw, all our lives. In the campaign of existence, it is one of the bases of supplies from which we should never be cut off. The Master has said, "Except a man become as a little child he cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven," and except a man retain, all his life, something of his youthful nature, something of his childlike faith and love; except he continue to seek after the light of the ideal in the darkness of the real, he can never enter into the real heaven of this world.

To say nothing of not having time enough to appreciate the good things of our youth, we have not the ability. We gradually learn a great many things about living as we grow older; and it seems a pity that we cannot have two trials at this world, instead of a trial at two worlds. Suppose, for instance, that when a man reaches the present bound of life; when he becomes fully ripe; when, under the present and the natural order, we expect to see him topple gracefully over into the

grave almost any day, he should begin to grow young again, travel back by the same road, and end where he began, in an actual second childhood. Such an arrangement would give what all desire,—an opportunity to correct the mistakes of life, by living it over. Then, if we were so fortunate as to live out our natural lives, about the time we were through celebrating our golden wedding; about the time the children were all provided for, or providing for themselves, we, the old folks, would begin to revive. Think of it! Bent forms growing straight! Gray hair turning to gold and jet! Eyes, spectacted for many years, declaring their independence! A return of the plumpness and comeliness of youth, anon to be warmed and quickened, as before, by the divine breath of love! New life, new strength, new love—for love is always new—with all these, how tranquil would be our homeward way! How easily, guided by the sunlight of experience, we could avoid all rough and thorny paths! We would walk no more as strangers, but as children, long absent, returning to their father's house.

Ah! to be a child again! To loll in the pleasant shade of the orchard, lulled by the song of the reapers, and the sweet consciousness that idleness is our portion; to wander at will in the green woods and by the quiet waters; to listen to the songs of the birds—in a word, to be boys and girls at the end as well as at the beginning of life, and at last to lie down and peacefully die in the cradle that has twice soothed our infant slumbers,—this is my idea of what our lives should be.

But alas, time flies, and the course of its flight never changes! Men may loiter as they will,—time flies. Hearts grow cold and hopes depart,—time flies. Friendship, homes, mighty governments may fall into desuetude; worlds may melt with fervent heat and be dissolved into infinite nothing,—and still time flies, with the same rhythmic swing, with the same noiseless wing, flying, flying, restless ever, resting never! Time is a bird that is lost at sea and flies for rest to eternity.

PET SUPERSTITIONS.

I wonder if there lives a man or woman without a pet superstition, confessed or unconfessed. Even the mother-in-law, whose sweet, placid face bears unerring testimony to a sweet, truthful nature, besought me with tears in her eyes not to begin a certain piece of work one Saturday night. When I persisted, she shook her dear, gray head mournfully. "You'll not live to finish it, child; it's a sure sign." But the work is finished and laid away and I am still in the land of the living. The sure sign has failed once.

Someone said to me to-day, "Don't have an ivy in the house. It always brings misfortune. I have never known it to fail." I look at the magnificent vine that is draped across the west window. Must it be sacrificed? It has been so brave and cheerful all through our wanderings. I remember well, how during one terrible winter it covered my sitting-room window with such a thick lattice-work of leaves and branches as to quite hide the desolation without—no small blessing to one who does not live but merely exists from fall until spring. I remember, too, how it clung to the spot where we tarried for the summers. I fancied as I pulled down a long branch that had pushed up through a crevice in the piazza roof that, like myself, it was loth to go. It teaches me many a lesson. What if the dust covers its leaves and the soil around its roots is in sore need of water! It grows vigorously just the same, and the branch that a few weeks ago just touched the frame of "Christ before Pilate," now quite encircles it. No, I will not condemn it yet as a Jonah, but let it continue to teach me to smile in adversity and "in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

Mary E. P. Smith.

NATURE.

The everlasting hills, the primeval woods, and the restless, moaning ocean appeal to all that is deepest and best in our natures. They are poetry and music in another form.

Lillian Monk.

A GLIMPSE OF WAR THROUGH A MILITIAMAN'S GLASSES.

MIDLAND WAR SKETCHES. XXI.

By JEROME A. ANDERSON.

IT WAS during the last days of our great Civil War, when the star of the South was manifestly waning. The Confederate General Price had reached the farthest point of his memorable "raid" into Northern Missouri, in '64, and now threatened to sweep, like one of her own devastating "zephyrs," through that portion of loyal Kansas which bordered on the more than doubtful State of Missouri. To meet the emergency of this unexpected invasion the Kansas militia were ordered out, and in this militia all able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and sixty were enrolled. This included my father, a regular volunteer in the Ninth Kansas Cavalry, who had been discharged from the service. I was a willowy stripling of sixteen, eager to enlist, and when I offered myself as a substitute for my father, a semi-invalid of fifty years, I was graciously accepted, and by this sudden metamorphosis became transformed from a harmless student into that modern terror—a militiaman.

Mine was Company H, Captain Smith, Sixteenth Kansas Cavalry, State troops—there being also a Sixteenth Kansas Cavalry of regular volunteers, with which the militia regiment must not be confused. We marched from the little village of Neosho Falls directly to Fort Scott, Kansas, this being an important distributing center for rations and forage for the troops operating in the adjacent parts of Missouri and the Indian Territory, and which was now, with its valuable stores, in danger of falling into the hands of Price. On the way, and after arriving, we picked up other companies, so that we became the skeleton of a regiment, under Lieutenant Colonel Goss, as well

as constituting a goodly portion of a skeleton brigade, under Major General Scott—in all perhaps seven hundred men.

We were the motley crowd that ununiformed men always are. Indeed, as Kansas came out of the War with several thousand volunteers ahead of all "calls," we were, it may be, a little more motley than usual. No ordinary infirmity or calamity prevented a Kansas man from volunteering or from being accepted. I knew a member of my father's regiment who was mustered in with a leg off below the knee, through the connivance of his officers and comrades, by nailing a boot fast to his "peg." So that our brigade, with a smattering of "stay-at-home" patriots, was composed largely of the "lame, halt and blind" whom Uncle Sam did not want. Clothes of every shade; horses of all sizes; arms, the condemned refuse of earlier war times—we were as heterogeneous a company as the West was capable of gathering together.

We remained in camp at Fort Scott a few days, and then Company H was ordered as a kind of outpost or picket station to a point some twenty miles or so up the State line, and directly in the route of the advancing Confederate General Price. By this time all kind of war rumors were afloat, and we regarded this duty as little less hazardous than the charge of the Six Hundred. After arriving, a small squad under a sergeant was ordered out to scout the section still further to the north. I was of this number.

We rode perhaps a score of miles through what had once been a thickly settled portion of Missouri. At this time, however, an occasional chimney or a few scraggy-looking fruit trees were all that

remained to indicate that it had ever been other than the desolate region it seemed now. Few farmers cared to or could remain in a section where even their attempting to remain laid them open to the suspicion of being "bushwhackers," and put them completely at the mercy of marauders from either side of the contending factions. And this border warfare was outrageously merciless. For a long time between Union scouts and Rebel "bushwhackers" no quarter had been given nor asked. To surrender was to choose an immediate and humiliating execution in preference to dying fighting, so that all combats were to the bitter end, unless one or other of the parties could escape by retreating.

Knowing this, I felt greatly surprised, when, coming suddenly in view of a band of these guerillas, perhaps a half mile distant, our officer, without a moment's hesitation, ordered us to charge. I know we numbered just eleven; the "bushwhackers" I judged to be about fifty. They were drawn up on a little eminence in the open prairie, and sat quietly on their horses, apparently awaiting the return of one of their number, who could be seen galloping rapidly toward them. We rushed forward at a mad gallop and, being extra well mounted, I soon found myself leading the charge. At my flank rode a large, handsome mulatto, with his carbine slung across his back, while he had both hands occupied in guiding his rushing horse.

"Sam, you jackass," I shouted, "get your gun ready! Don't you see we'll be in a hell of a fight in a minute?"

"Is dat so?" he replied, as coolly as though I had pointed out an interesting view. But he took his carbine down, and held it as I held mine, with the breech resting on his thigh.

Satisfied with him, I looked back at the others and saw that they were coming on in earnest, though somewhat irregularly, and then turned my attention to the Confederates. They were still awaiting the return of their officer, who had now almost joined them. At this moment it occurred

to me to count them, so that I could state accurately the odds we had whipped, after the fight was over. There were just *six*—not a soul more! It was a case of militiaman's glasses with a vengeance. It taught me ever afterward to count noses when in trouble. Whether the sergeant had done so before ordering the charge, I don't know,—I suspect he had.

When almost within range, the Rebel officer joined his men, and then they wheeled about, and rode away from us without an effort. Every man of them was splendidly mounted, and our poor farm nags proved no match for them. They soon reached the cover of a timbered stream, and although we searched for some time, at great risk of an ambushade, we could not unearth them—fortunately for us, as I have often thought since.

Our next charge—charging seemed to be the sergeant's one idea of military tactics—was upon a band of men we discovered pillaging a recently abandoned house—over the line in Kansas, if I mistake not. I led it, as usual. With my Kentucky-bred, hard-mouthed mount, I had no choice in the matter,—I had to lead. Trained for "quarter racing," she might let the sergeant make the pace the first hundred yards, but that was only to show him how badly he had miscalculated when it became her duty to put old "Kaintuck" to the fore when the pace got warm. He didn't object—I really don't think he knew it was his duty to lead—and, if he had, "Puss" would have overruled his objections in short order. She nearly broke my back this charge, though. A jack-rabbit made up his mind to change his residence just in time for her to alight squarely over him. I don't think she jumped a hundred feet high—I don't even assert she did, but that she came as near to it as ever mortal horse did, I feel sure.

We were fairly on top of this squad before they discovered us—so near that we recognized them as belonging to our own regiment before any shots could be fired. They were out scouting, like ourselves, and, with the lawless spirit of the

times, were robbing the house of whatever they wanted, without knowing, or caring, apparently, whether it was that of a Rebel or not.

But Price was close at hand—closer than we knew, or the distance would have been promptly increased. After a second day at our station Captain Smith decided to retreat to Fort Scott the following morning. Pickets were carefully stationed at a distance of about a mile in all directions, with orders to run into camp at the sound of any firing. Solitary patrols were put at about half the distance, with similar orders. Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by shots in the direction of our most exposed picket station. The firing ran promptly around the entire picket line. Then it was my turn. I saw no particular need of firing, and hated to waste an ounce ball and three buckshots on nothing; but orders were orders, and so I rested my carbine on my thigh, and added to the general confusion by tearing a hole in the Milky Way—at any rate the report seemed loud enough to have had that effect. Then I galloped into camp, to find pandemonium reigning. Men in all possible stages of undress and excitement were shouting, hurrying and scurrying about, dressing, saddling their horses, and swearing as only militiamen can swear. Over all rang the voice of Captain Smith, shouting, "Fall into line, Company H!" Himself the most excited man in the Company, he only added to the general confusion.

But, by and by, the men were in line, and waiting to find out just where and what the danger was. Then Captain Smith, evidently not a descendant of him of the Pocahontas incident, rode in front of us and, between chattering teeth, gave us our orders in case of a fight. Said he: "Boys, others may do as they please, but I am going to save Company H. So when you hear the order, 'Company H, file right,' you follow me, and we'll not stop till we're out of danger!"

A hasty tale showed that one station of our pickets had not come in, and volun-

teers were called for, to go and find out the reason. Five of us responded, and found, after much time spent in searching in the darkness, that this party, headed by a sturdy old farmer, "hadn't seen nothing to be skeered of, and didn't think it worth while to run in!"

We brought them in, and then made a forced march, without any breakfast, to Fort Scott, where we arrived during the forenoon.

Here we found the "brigade" drawn up in alleged line of battle, under the brow of a little hill, to the northwest of Fort Scott and the Marmaton River. The object of this, perhaps God and Major-General Scott knew, and it did not matter to the rest of us. As Price was over twenty thousand strong and we seven hundred, the odds were against even as sanguinary a body as we thought ourselves to be. I had a hollow boy's hunger, and, to my delight, rations of bread and fresh beefsteak were served us in the afternoon, and we were permitted to break ranks to prepare a meal. Just as the steaks were fairly frying, came the order, "Fall into line, instantly!"

Into the fires went the meat as cooks and all made a rush for their horses. I reserved one juicy portion, made a huge sandwich of it with bread first, and ate it in the ranks afterward. But one other man, as far as I could see, had done as I had. That was the same old farmer who had refused to run in because nothing had "skeered" him. All the rest, though hungry as I, had lost their appetites—not through fear, of course, but because of the excitement of an approaching battle.

The cause of the alarm was the appearance of a dark column of men, on a rise, or swell, some three or four miles distant. It was Price's army, whom, as we learned afterward, our rabble militia had frightened out of the prize of Fort Scott. He saw us, a great, straggling line of cavalry, long before we discovered him, and, deceived as to our numbers by our appearance, thought us a body of cavalry from an army far to the south, and veered to the left to avoid us, and lost Fort Scott,

We stood our ground, principally because we did not know enough of military tactics to run at the right time, and our not knowing when to run so confounded the wary Price that he ran himself! But by and by the head of Curtis' army was seen approaching from a westerly direction, and *then* we ran. Great Scott!—not our Major-General?—How we did scamper! We abandoned Fort Scott to the mercy of the supposed Rebels, tore down fences, and stopped not until we had put several miles between us and the supposed danger. Then we drew rein. Some of our officers suspected the column from which we ran to be that of Curtis, and scouts were dispatched to ascertain if this was so or not. Night was falling; we were tired and starved, and our baggage and ration wagons had, at the general stampede, gone no one knew whither. Volunteers were called for to go in search of them. Two went in the direction of our homes,—these overtook and brought them back,—three of us went in the direction of the point for which they had, when last seen, been making, and spent most of the night in fruitless search.

This was the only time during the "raid" in which I was in any real peril. The country swarmed with guerillas, irregular bands seeking the protection which the proximity to Price's army afforded. We were pursued for quite a distance by one such band, and evaded them accidentally by turning aside because of the proximity of another. We got lost and, at length, struck the Marmaton some little distance below Fort Scott, and decided to go on to this place. We were quite undecided as to whether Price or Curtis was in possession, and approached it as cautiously as possible.

Suddenly a hard, peculiar voice from among a clump of trees by the roadside commanded us to "halt." I recognized it at once as that of an Indian. We halted promptly, and awaited the usual order to advance and give the countersign. Not a word further came, so we swore a little and rode on at the risk of a volley. As

we learned afterward, these were Creek Indians, belonging to the Union army, who had been placed as pickets on this wing, furthest from Price. Their ideas of the duty required of them must have been very vague, for, after the single command to halt, nothing more was said or done. Or they might have shrewdly guessed that we were stragglers, returning to camp.

A quarter of a mile beyond we were again halted, in the same Indian voice, by another picket, also completely concealed. This time we did not even go through the ceremony of pausing, but rode quietly on.

We soon reached the outskirts of the town of Fort Scott, and found that, instead of the seven hundred men of the morning, it now contained an army of many thousands. Whether these were Price's or Curtis's men was still to be settled; so we rode cautiously forward in the darkness, until we were close to the camp-fires, and then two of us dismounted and crept forward to reconnoiter. We soon got near enough to discern that these late loungers, around the fires, were Union soldiers, and our plan of dashing back past the Indian pickets became unnecessary.

Our horses were soon picketed, and we lay down in our blankets with the grateful appreciation of thoroughly tired-out-men—although two of us were mere boys. For a time the new experience of having one's head, seemingly, gently lifted from the ground by the reverberation of a desultory cannonading going on at the front kept sleep away, but this soon ceased; and with its cessation came oblivion and rest.

Next morning we found our regiment, reported, and wandered in boyish freedom over the whole encampment. One object of admiration was a beautiful, twelve-pound cannon, drawn by six magnificent horses, which had just been taken in a charge a day or two before. A lot of us "milish" gathered about it, and an old veteran soldier volunteered to show us how it was fired. He lighted a match

and applied it to the vent, just as an old granger had straightened up from a prolonged gaze into its muzzle.

Bang! went the piece. It had been captured while loaded—a fact that no one suspected. But it was limbered up and the shell it contained struck the ground within a few yards, ricocheted, passed through a building, struck a stone church a quarter of a mile away, and exploded without injuring anyone.

The Confederate army here turned its back upon Kansas and marched directly into Missouri, which relieved the former State from all further fear, and rendered unnecessary the presence of its militia. So we were ordered home. But we had all "seen the Rebs," and some of us had "fit 'em." For a portion of the regiment was actually under fire at Nine Creek, and had behaved splendidly. Placed on the flank of a regular regiment, the first thing the latter knew the militia had taken a position directly between them and the enemy, where they "could shoot to some purpose."

Personally, I learned that the science of fighting consisted quite as much in

avoiding a fight as in winning one. Given two reasonably equal armies, such as these, to an ignorant militiaman like myself, there seemed no reason why they should not have fought it out, and one or the other got whipped fifty times during this raid. But neither commander had any intention of forcing matters to an issue, it seemed. At Fort Scott, Curtis was four or five miles to the south of the position of Price, and an early start, with half-an-hour's forced march, would have cut off Price's retreat entirely, and made a battle unavoidable. But the army turned out leisurely, got its breakfast leisurely, and marched off leisurely, to find that Price had gotten a little ahead of them—a position he maintained during the entire campaign, evidently, for he finally crossed the Arkansas, so Curtis's report reads, "under the fire of our guns."

It might have been good fighting and good generalship on both sides, but, seen through a militiaman's glasses, and expressed in the loose vernacular of the frontier, it looked as though "one was afeared and the other dassent."

TO THE PAST.

Forget?

Why how, in this short life of man,
Can there be place for such a bliss as Love—
Too vast for aught but Heaven above—

And yet,

On this same earthly span
Be time in which one could forget?

If memory is pain, 'tis pain
That's sweet—to love is always gain.
The bearing of an empty heart! 'Tis this
That's pain! My days of vanished bliss
Are treasures, and though they be wet
With bitter tears, I'll not forget!

Laura E. C. Barker.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

BY JOSEPH SAMPSON.

SOME will recollect Matthew Arnold's famous paper on "The American People," contributed by him about a year before he died. It will be remembered that he had made an extensive tour of the United States, delivering a number of lectures. During his tour he was in every city the lion of the hour. Special attention was shown him in Chicago, where he had the opportunity of meeting the most aggressive types of the business as well as literary people of the city. He had heard so much about the notable men of the Northwest that he made a special study of the pork-packing, grain-dealing, banking and journalistic classes, while being royally entertained in their homes and places of business. No wonder Mr. Medill, proprietor of the *Chicago Tribune*, became the exponent of the indignation of the American people when they found Matthew Arnold, on his return to England, using the scalpel in his vindictive arraignment of the best representatives of American life.

On seeing dear David Swing's mild but dignified protest, which appeared in the *Tribune*, referring to Matthew Arnold's abuses of the hospitality of the Chicago people, I hastened to look up the paper referred to, and read it through with the greatest interest. The principal point made against the American people in Matthew Arnold's essay was to the effect that in America we had no really eminent men, or men of great distinction; that the bane or blight upon American social life was the predominance of "the average man."

In reading the paper it came to my mind that what Matthew Arnold was thinking about was the absence in America of the types with which he had been so thoroughly identified, growing out of his contact with the English-speaking people on his own side of the

Atlantic. He had, in one of his former papers scored the English people very severely, dividing them into three classes: an upper class, materialized; a middle class, vulgarized, and a lower class, brutalized. My own private conclusion in regard to the whole matter was, that Matthew Arnold failed to recognize our peculiar social conditions and that he was entirely wrong in condemning the average man of our country. Instead of exerting a baneful influence in a republic like ours, the average man becomes the fitting representative of all that is safest, sanest and best in our body social.

From this standpoint we must consider the work of William Dean Howells in all his novels as the truest representation of the average of human life and conditions as we confront them in our own country at the close of the Nineteenth Century. Throughout all his novels we find the humorous side of life presented to us in living pictures rather than in the witty, the cynical or the pessimistic works of his co-laborers in the same field.

He never, in his studies of life and character, presents the abnormal or the abhorrent types. Great fault is found with him for not idealizing, and thereby improving, the average man and woman. We grant that the majority of women do not admire Mr. Howells' style, for the reason that he does not pad out and paint up the woman of to-day. Throughout his novels the same inconsequent, non-intellectual type of womankind appears and reappears with singular persistency. He is blamed by many men for failing to put in the foreground of his canvas any noble or distinguished men. With him there seems to be no taint or trace of hero-worship. His characters stand out just as they are, with their good or bad physical, mental and moral characteristics. No false lights are thrown upon the

lives of these average men and women whom we meet or associate with, whether we run across them in Boston, New York, New Orleans, Chicago or Sioux City.

That there exists in the minds of many a raging ambition to be presented in a glorified and magnified light goes without saying. The very successful self-made man would like to be regarded as a local hero. And the woman who can open the purse-strings of the successful money-getter would like to have herself considered in the light of a "Lady Bountiful." In his quiet way Mr. Howells loves to show us the sawdust scattered around in some of our rarest doll-houses. Is there not a high moral and ethical quality discovered throughout all his writings when we face the average selfish man, of whom Bartley Hubbard may be regarded as a type? Does not Mr. Howells show us in the "World of Chance," in those exquisite closing scenes which express the keen discernment of the thoughtful amanuensis working for a great publishing house, how utterly selfish a creature Mr. Ray becomes with all his dreams of success and noble aspirations? When that faithful, conscientious, hard-working girl, who loves him very deeply, looks into his heart and conscience, does she not discover what an innately selfish husband Ray would become if she dared to be mated to him? Look over the Bartley Hubbard and Ray types, and men of the same class, whether engaged in industrial, commercial or professional pursuits, and you will find in every-day life perfect representatives of these young, smooth gentlemen so accurately delineated by Mr. Howells.

All his studies, we are safe in saying, are pictures of real life, and it may interest some of the ladies to know that in one of his books—I think it is "The Hazard of New Fortunes"—there is an account of a family going from a provincial town to live in New York City, and renting a house which is mentioned a num-

ber of times as the "Jim Crackery." At Nahant I was told that this was part of an actual experience of Mr. and Mrs. Howells, when they went from Boston to New York and rented a furnished house, in which there was so much bric-a-brac, or what we in the West call "truck," that Mr. Howells worked it into his novel under the general name of "Jim Crackery."

How many of us have noted the evolution of the country boy, and, for that matter, the country girl, giving us here and there marvelous scenic effects as in a play, showing later on how country types become wonderfully changed in dress, manner and speech. None of Howells' love scenes are at all unnatural or sickening. He does not kill off people, as is so often done in novels, but he loves rather to preserve the life and vigor of the individual as long as the working out of natural laws will permit. When one of his characters is to die he lets down Nature's curtain as gently as possible.

We may say in regard to Howells and his work that he is not a great reformer. Such he does not claim to be. But, may we ask, is it right for the novelist to usurp the office of the priest, if he deal faithfully with the office of the prophet? This latter is evidently the function Mr. Howells is aiming to fulfill. He is not like Dickens, making a travesty of human life or turning the great stream of his genius into burlesque, with only here and there hints or suggestions of reformatory agencies which ought to be set at work. If he fails to glorify and magnify mankind, he at least never fails to weave into his web excellent and timely moral lessons.

Whether Mr. Howells will or will not be read and understood a century from now need not trouble us. If he continues on, in his quiet and humorous New England way, laughing us out of our inconsistencies and follies, will he not have exerted a great and lasting influence, strengthening and purifying the lives of those who shall come after us?

SHOULD CIVIL SERVICE REFORM EXTEND TO OUR CONSULAR SERVICE?

BY JOHNSON BRIGHAM.

WITH WHAT splendid certainty might not the forces of reform move on from vantage ground to vantage ground, but for time lost and energy dissipated in covering and correcting the mistakes of extremists who assume to lead and direct!

The Civil Service Reform movement in the United States has long been held back by the doctrinaire's insistence that the movement be pushed to extremes which, judged by "the common sense of most," are popularly regarded as inexpedient.

Leaving to others the search for that dead line beyond which Civil Service Reform cannot be wisely carried at home, a few words relative to the proposed extension of this reform movement to the Consular Service.* The thought of the movers in this direction usually takes some such form of words as were not long since used by a distinguished American abroad† who, deploring the numerous changes in the Consular Service incident to the last change of administration, said in substance to the writer:

"It should be a permanent service. It should not be subject to the changes and chances of home politics. It should open to our young men a desirable career. The chief educational requirements for such a career should be a mastery of at least one of the principal languages of the world besides one's own, a general knowledge of history, economics and international law, and more or less famil-

ilarity with our government's treaty relations down to date. After passing his examinations, a young man should be assigned to a low grade consulship, or commercial agency. There he would have to bide his time, fitting himself meanwhile by actual experience for posts of greater responsibility. A premium is thus put upon experience and faithfulness and at the same time the reform would eliminate from this branch of the service the baneful influence of politics and politicians."

President Harrison's recent delivery on the subject is little more than a vigorously expressed opinion. The latest argument in support of this so-called "Consular Reform" is by Charles Dudley Warner. Mr. Warner takes for his text the Executive Order of September 20, 1895, made in response to the demands of the Civil Service Reform organization of the country as voiced in its official utterances and by its editorial exponents. This Executive Order, as explained by President Cleveland in his last annual Message was, in substance:

That after that date [September 20, 1895,] any vacancy in a consulate or commercial agency, with an annual salary or compensation from officials of not more than \$2,500, or less than \$1,000, should be filled either by transfer or promotion from some other position under the department of state, of a character tending to qualify the incumbent for the position to be filled, or by the appointment of a person not under the department of state, but having previously served under and shown his capacity and fitness for consular duty; or by the appointment of a person who, having been selected by the President and sent to a board for examination, is found upon such examination to be qualified for the position. Posts which pay less than \$1,000 being usually on account of their small compensation, filled by selection from residents of the locality, it was not deemed practicable to put them under the new system. The compensation of \$2,500 was adopted as the maximum limit in the classification for the reason that consular officers receiving more than that sum are often charged with functions and duties scarcely inferior in dignity and importance to those of diplomatic agents, and it was, therefore, thought best to continue their selection in the discretion of the ex-

*See "The Consular Service and the Spoils System," in the Century Magazine for June, 1895, ex-President Harrison's plea for a non-partisan Consular Service. In the March Ladies' Home Journal, and Charles Dudley Warner's treatment of the same subject in the March North American Review. All three contributions to the subject contending for an extension of Civil Service Reform to our Consular System.

†Hon. C. A. Snowden, ex-Minister to Spain.

ecutive without subjecting them to examination before a board. Excluding seventy-one places with compensation at present less than \$1,000, and fifty-three places above the maximum in compensation, the number of positions remaining within the scope of the order is one hundred and ninety-six.

Mr. Warner proceeds to explain that a board of examiners is appointed to carry out this order "which it is desired that Congress should supplement and improve by legislation." Consular inspectors are also recommended by the President and approved by Mr. Warner. "This," says the advocate of the so-called consular reform, "is a brave beginning, and if it is seconded by intelligent public opinion, it may lead to a consistent, organized consular system."

Mr. Warner continues :

It will no doubt be found that permanent appointments to the service, as a rule, with a few outlandish exceptions, should extend to officers paid less than \$1,000, because these very offices are training schools in which young men can learn their business; and it is imperative that the offices paying more than \$2,500 should be open to the ambition and reward of all in the service, it being a life service with promotion for ability and assignments to the more important posts according to fitness. ... The consul is a business officer, without diplomatic functions except in a few cases; he has nothing to do with politics. That he should be intelligent and patriotic—thoroughly American in sympathy—goes without saying. But to be efficient he must also have business training, experience in consular duties, and special fitness for the locality to which he is sent. It is a business to be learned like any other, and it will not be learned unless it offers a regular career to the aspirants for it. No business man in the world, no corporation, would undertake to carry on enterprises with agents selected on account of political services and liable to be periodically displaced by other agents selected in like manner. ... We have men in the Consular Service fully as bright and alert and every way competent as consuls in the German, French or English service, and probably they are less liable to get into a rut. But, allowing for this, the service of many other nations is more efficient than ours because it is systematized and permanent and because promotion depends at every step upon efficiency. ... It is also true that our service has greatly improved in the past fifteen years—that, I think, is a matter of general observation. The character of the consular reports show this. ... It will be admitted without argument that a consul should know the

language of the country to which he is sent. ... The candidate should go into a subordinate clerkship on probation to learn his business. If he is incompetent he should be dropped. But if he develops capacity and does good service he should be promoted, and have a tenure during good behavior. And at the end of a life service he should be pensioned. This is a clear perquisite of any moderately paid life service to the State.

Before passing to a consideration of the general subject, a few points made by Mr. Warner claim attention in detail.

It is insisted that promotions shall be "according to fitness." How is banishment to the Island of St. Helena, or to Tegucigalpa, in Honduras, going to fit a man for consular duties at any more important point? Between an inexperienced young man fresh from official idleness at Maskat, and an all-around man of affairs directly sent from the States, where would be the greater advantage to government? How is a consul long buried in an obscure consulate going to take on "special fitness for the locality to which he is sent" as a reward for his staying powers? Does banishment to Siam fit a man for life in Germany or France?

Is it "a business to be learned like any other"? Is it not, rather, a function, like that of State Senator, or Territorial Governor, to which the all-around man is better equipped than are the legislative and executive clerks who are retained for detail work?

Far from being the rule that business men retain employes merely because no charge can be preferred against them, the selfishness of business invariably crowds out the man who is simply "holding down his job," substituting therefor "new blood," with all that this implies.

Note the tribute Mr. Warner feels compelled in fairness to pay our consular service as now constituted. Much is included in the admission that "probably they [our American consuls] are *less liable to get into a rut.*"

Note, too, that "the character of the consular reports," as well as "general observation," has satisfied Mr. Warner

that "*our service has greatly improved in the past fifteen years.*" Can more be said of the consular service of any country?

Mr. Warner is too fast in presuming that "it will be admitted without argument that the consul should know the language of the country to which he is sent." Shall the consul to Fuchau be required to learn the Chinese tongue before entering upon his duties? And, having spent years in mastering it, shall he be barred out of all other countries in which another unknown tongue is spoken? Is Japan to be a closed door to all who have not mastered the Japanese tongue? No, the fact is that the whole world is learning the English tongue. The boys and girls of Germany are taught it in their schools. The tradespeople of Japanese and Chinese ports are ready with their English. In the Islands of the Sea the four great languages of the world are fast supplanting the rest, and it would be folly to insist on this sweeping prerequisite. Colonel Snowden's insistence on a mastery of at least one of the principal languages of the world besides one's own would seem to reach the outside limit of demand.

The saddest of all sad sights which one beholds abroad is the completely Europeanized American, who feels complimented when mistaken for an Englishman or a Frenchman, or anything but an American; who avoids his countrymen, fearing lest by contact some new acquisition of Old World virtue (!) may go out from him and he may be suspected of having something in common with American thought and purpose; who sees good, and only good, in social conditions built upon ancient wrong; who reverently bows with the rest when the creed of Caste is said; who has only praise for governmental policies which oppress the masses for the support of monarchy and titled aristocracy, and only apologies for America. Few, indeed, are the young Americans who, at the impressionable period at which our young men enter upon their life work, could settle down

to the life of a consul, isolated from their own countrymen and out of touch with their own home, without losing some measure of that virile Americanism which, when accompanied by courtesy and good sense, commands respect everywhere, even from those who are furthest removed from sympathy with American institutions. Fortunate are the few consuls of maturer years who, after long residence abroad, retain their old regard for republicanism, remain uninfluenced by the undue deference paid to rank and position, and have lost nothing of their former will and purpose and capacity for resultful work in the fierce competitions of American life.

The extension of the rules of Civil Service Reform to the Consular Service would, as Mr. Warner says, necessarily start the novitiate in some obscure and comparatively unimportant consulate or commercial agency. The little work to be done at such a post is almost entirely in the nature of routine duties. These duties are readily comprehended, and are never better performed than during the first year's experience.

Note the volume of business at the United States consulates. In the Register of the Department of State, corrected to July 1, 1893, two hundred and forty-nine consulates are registered as having reported the amount of fees received during the previous year.* Omitting commercial agencies and compelled to omit those consulates that make no report, let us for convenience' sake divide these two hundred and forty-nine consulates into four classes:

1. There are thirty-seven salaried consulates that report official fees exceeding \$5,000 a year.
2. There are ninety-two that report fees exceeding \$1,000 and less than \$5,000 a year.

*The Register, corrected to January 1, 1896, names forty-one salaried consulates that report fees exceeding \$5,000 a year; seventy-nine exceeding \$1,000 and less than \$5,000 a year; forty-six exceeding \$500 and less than \$1,000 a year; and sixty three less than \$500 a year.

3. There are forty-one that report fees exceeding \$500 and less than \$1,000 a year.

4. There remain seventy-nine that report less than \$500 a year.

The fee for passing upon an invoice is \$2.50 the world over. The other official fees are chiefly for consular service at seaports and are to the numerous interior consulates almost, if not quite, a dead letter. The unofficial fees, chiefly notarial, are, at all the lower grade consulates, few and quickly earned.

An inland consulate reporting fees exceeding \$1,000 and less than \$5,000 a year, passes upon invoices annually aggregating from four hundred to two thousand in number, or averaging in round numbers only from one to six a day. Most of the ninety-two consulates in this division are allowed clerical assistance. It will thus be seen that the routine duties of the medium grade of inland consulates cannot be very exacting or very wearing! The universal experience at such consulates is that there is little beyond routine duties claiming the consul's attention.

The consular office, wholly free from ministerial functions, puts upon the incumbent no actual social burden beyond the simple acts of courtesy which one countryman abroad is pleased to perform in welcoming another to the city which is his temporary home. The consul's social obligations are of his own regulating.

Let us now look in upon the lowest grade of consulates as above classified. Imagine an active young American, say twenty-four years old, settling down on the island of St. Helena, or in the city of Tegucigalpa, Honduras, with a single invoice to pass upon in a whole year!

But let no one imagine that, on the theory of "beginning at the bottom and working up," such consulates as St. Helena and Tegucigalpa would be directly open to the novitiate. St. Helena's consul has a salary of \$1,500, and Tegucigalpa's, \$2,000.

It is a still lower grade of service to which the novitiate would be called; as,

for instance, Medellin, Hobart, Helsingfors, Warsaw, Maskat, St. Martin, etc., consulates with fees aggregating less than \$100 a year, and the consul dependent for subsistence on his fees and such outside business as he may be fortunate enough to find.

These and the less important commercial agencies would afford the young man either a career of demoralizing idleness or else incentive to engage in other business abroad, and thus to put behind him his actual citizenship and the career marked out for him.

But let us assume that the young man thus entered upon the proposed consular career is not enticed or driven into business, and is strong enough to resist the influences which tend to demoralize him and weaken the fiber of his Americanism; and that, after years of waiting and slow promotion, he is rewarded with a consulship in "Class B," with a fixed salary, say \$2,500, and with a secretary to do the routine work, and with unofficial fees which will add two or three hundred dollars to his income. If all these years he has resisted the impulse to marry and the temptations of society and of travel, he may save a few hundred dollars a year. But if he has tempted Providence and surrounded himself with a family, he is sure to find, wherever his lot is cast, that despite the cheapness of house service abroad, and of other items which enter into his recurring bills of expense, he cannot live in American, or even modified American fashion, giving even the minimum of return for courtesies and hospitalities received, and extending the minimum of real American hospitality to his countrymen, without expending at least as much as he earns. Unless he has an outside income, this alternative must force itself upon him: "Shall I resign and return home, perhaps to a still harder fate, or shall I shut myself and family out from all touch with the community life about me and deny to my countrymen and my new-made friends the common courtesies which they may reasonably expect?"

Let us suppose that the life-enlisted consul has passed on and up until he nears the topmost round of his ambition, —painfully near, yet stopping short of the dozen positions which are said to really "pay." He is now well on in years. His family are laying claims to his salary for the increasing expenses of their education and of their proper presentation in society. Or, if he have no family, he will feel a thousand claims upon his purse which are the natural consequence of his representative position abroad.

We need not discuss the costliness of vices incident to the career of many Americans abroad, for we will assume, for courtesy's sake, that the proposed extension of Civil Service Reform to the consular service would, in the course of time, eliminate those who depart from American standards of morality. The conclusion would be inevitably forced upon the consul, at every stage of his advancement, that both in salary and in round of duties, the Consular Service affords little or no opportunity for a desirable career.

Can anything be done, then, to strengthen and dignify our Consular Service as now constituted?

1. In the first place there is need of a non-partisan and impartial revision of the salaries and allowances of the consulships and commercial agencies, a revision having regard not only for present conditions, but also for the possibilities of the near future. This should include the abolition of the fee system, as one which abnormally stimulates the consul or commercial agent.

2. The change which is most needed, however, and one which would do more to lift the service to the high plane desired by the reformers than could be expected of the most carefully devised and impartially executed system of appointments based upon the theory of permanent service, is the issuance of a four years' commission to every consul and commercial agent, the commission subject to revoca-

tion, or resignation, same as that of a postmaster in the home service. To the few whose permanent retention in the service is for special reasons desirable, new commissions should be issued, that the benefits anticipated from their retention might not be lessened by the uncertainty of the incumbent as to his tenure.

Under present conditions the incoming of a new administration introduces into the consular service an element of uncertainty not felt by officials in the postoffice department here at home. For months, and in many cases years, the relics of the last administration linger at their consular posts, daily anticipating removal; unable to make plans either to go or stay; no longer feared by the foes of honest commerce, because known to be no longer sure of retention and, therefore, presumably indisposed to enter upon investigations which might be cut short before conclusions could be reached.

But, even with these present unfavorable conditions,—conditions which may be easily improved,—the present method of consular appointment is far more serviceable than the one proposed. It gives to the government in the main an actual representation at commercial centers abroad, not mere retainers. The mere retainer, too sure of his tenure, would be under constant temptation to court the favor of the very men whose business relations with the United States constitute the sole reason for the existence of consulates, under constant temptation to solidify themselves with the very men whose valuations they are presumably expected to watch.

Faulty as is the present system, or lack of system, it invites, and in the main secures, the services of men of assured position and more or less influence at home, men who cannot afford to linger long in any foreign field, but, independent, at least in part, of salary considerations, are pleased to enter the consular service for a change from home duties and cares. In consideration of the honor done them and the agreeable change

afforded them by their government, they bring to the service the sharpened experience and judgments of mature years and, as a rule, abilities out of proportion to the simple routine duties which they are required to perform.

The appointment of representative men to consulships means more than this. It means the return of several hundred representative Americans every four years—not all at one time, but all, or nearly all, within the period covered by a single administration, and all better Americans than ever before, appreciating as never before the relative strength and weakness of their own government and institutions, and the true significance and nature of our freer American life. Every such duly returned American is a home missionary, teaching and preaching the essential doctrine of patriotism broadened and deepened

and elevated by humanitarianism and strengthened by emancipation from local prejudice.

This last consideration, too much overlooked, gives added force to the suggestion already made, that our consular servants abroad should be commissioned for a term of years. Under the present system of appointment, hold-over consuls are likely to be removed at any time; and between the lines of their instructions from the newly organized Department of State they are sure to read the coolly comforting assurance, "They also serve who only stand and wait." Thus reading their instructions they do little more than wait,—their chief business being salary-drawing and sight-seeing, the extent of the latter depending upon the opportunities afforded by the former.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE literary feature of the notable event, the launching of the war ship "Iowa," at Philadelphia, on the 28th of March, was the patriotic poem of the occasion, by Major S. H. M. Byers of Des Moines. It is a worthy addition to the poems written by the famous author of "Sherman's March to the Sea." Following is a revised copy of the poem:

THE LAUNCHING.

Wake, giant of oak and steel,
Asleep by the yellow sand,
And give to the sea thy keel
And bid farewell to the land.
At the touch of beauty arise,
At the words that shall bid thee move,
At the hand that shall thee baptize,
And give to the sea its love.

Sail, sail, O ship that is ours,
New warrant that peace shall be,
Whatever the cloud that lowers,
O ship of the western sea!
To every land of the earth,
To seas that are fair and far,
Bear thou the message of worth
That peace is better than war!

And guard thou ever our fame,
From gulf to the utmost bay,
And keep forever thy name
As fair as it is to-day.
And if ever grim war should come
In spite of the mien we bear—
With the sound of the hurrying drum,
And the wail of death on the air—

Then open thy sides of steel,
And fight with thy thousand men,
Till the ships of the foe shall feel
There are giants abroad again;
And thunder with all thy guns,
And smite with thy lightning stroke,
Nor stop though thy bravest sons
Lie bleeding in battle's smoke.

Cry out to them Perry's name,
Remember how Lawrence fell,
And the flag that's above the flame,
In spite of the fires of hell.
And if ever a foe should bid
Thee yield to a haughty hand,
Tell him what our Morris did
When he sank with the Cumberland.

Far better the ship go down,
And her guns and her thousand men,
In the depths of the sea to drown,
Than ever to sail again
With the day of her promise done,
Or the star of her glory set,
Or a thread from the standard gone,
That never has yielded yet.

Then wake, O giant of steel
That sleeps by the yellow sand,
Arise from thy dreams and feel
The thrill of a nation's hand!
Sail, sail to many a main,
Strange lands, and to trackless ways,
But ever come back again,
New crowned with the victor's bays.

Your colors already we know,
The colors our hearts adore—
The sea wave's white, and the wine's red glow
And the blue sky bending o'er.
Sail, sail, oh, sail,
But come to us at the last,
If from the battle, or from the gale,
With the old flag at the mast.

ALONG with Artist Tabor's excellent portrait of Eugene Field and Mrs. Mary J. Reid's fine analysis of the poet's verse, we take pleasure in reproducing the following characteristic note to Mrs. Reid, showing Field's delicate and faultlessly neat chirography, and containing not only a suggestion of its author's famous fondness for his books, but also a delight-

parison with America, that England "has not yet realized that short-story writing is an art and a rare and fine art."

* * *

"WHEN I am sick and tired it is God's will," sang Christina Rossetti. In one sense the poet spoke truly; but scarcely in the sense intended. Overwork and over-anxiety invariably react. Violations

Dear Mrs. Reid: I am expecting to be out of town at the time you purpose visiting Chicago. I have platform engagements calling me to Missouri and Kansas early in May. It would be better if you were to put off coming to see me until later. We shall be in our new house by the first of June and then I shall have all my books around me; at present in this small house I am able to have but about half my treasures out of the packing cases. So, altogether, it will be pleasanter for you and for me if you postpone the call. You will find Mrs. Catherwood charming. I understand she sends much love to her guests in the dead of night. This is why she is so beloved of no romantics and so feared of the realists.

Sincerely yours,

Eugene Field

Chicago, April 25th, 1895.

fully humorous allusion to Mrs. Catherwood which will be much enjoyed by that lady's many admiring readers.

* * *

IT is refreshing to find one English writer who is willing to admit that, in at least one important respect, America has passed on beyond the mother country. Mr. I. Zangwill, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, goes so far as to say, by way of com-

parison with America, that England "has not yet realized that short-story writing is an art and a rare and fine art." of the laws of health, whether voluntary or compelled by conditions, invariably carry along with them their own penalties, therein—and in that respect only—executing the will of God. Christina Rossetti's physician doubtless knew far more about the case than the patient herself.

* * *

THE State of Iowa has wisely committed itself to the policy of preserving

its own history. Its legislature has voted an appropriation of \$25,000 for the purchase of a site and for the laying of the foundation for a Memorial Hall, the structure to be occupied by the Historical Department of Iowa, which is now inadequately housed in the basement of the Capitol. The importance of this commitment cannot be fully measured by any man now living. The State is to be congratulated on the wisdom of its legislators in thus building for the future.

* * *

IT IS a significant circumstance that the once tabooed poem "No Unbelief" is accorded the entire first page in a recent number of the *Pacific Coast Endeavor*, organ of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Pacific Coast. The poem begins:

"There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God."

* * *

THERE seems to be among churches a growing insistence on the crystallization of creed into the life and less insistence on mere lip service. The brief Epistle of James appears to be the inspiration of many a Christian worker who, a few years ago, was mainly interested in the "hard sayings" of the Bible.

* * *

THE *Writer* has been publishing a series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," as to the kind of contributions the several editors want for their publications. The gist of the responses to the *Writer's* invitation is that they want what they want and don't want what they don't want.

* * *

THERE is always a practical reason for every well established custom, though that reason may not be apparent to the superficial observer. And, whenever any old custom becomes obsolete, there is always some practical reason for its disuse. To illustrate the injustice often unintentionally done by ill-considered condemnation, we may with profit, to the young reader especially, repeat a fragment of conversation overheard between two gentlemen in a street car, as to the relative

merits of leading newspapers in our large cities. One of the two remarked, "I took the *Daily T*—for many years and always liked it; but finally I stopped it, and for just one reason: while it printed the names of other newspapers in italics, it persistently printed its own name in capitals, or what the printers call small caps. I could stand that degree of egotism in a country weekly, but in a great daily it was to me simply unbearable. I haven't even glanced over a copy of the paper since."

"But, don't they all do it?" inquired the other gentleman.

"No," responded the first. "See, here's a paper that prints the names of other journals, as well as its own name, in Roman."

A clear case of journalistic egotism—in that one man's mind! But let us investigate. Before us lies an old "Official Register." We open to a list of State Representatives and find that the names of the majority party are printed in Roman; those of the larger minority party in *italics* and those of the smaller minority party in *SMALL CAPITALS*. Why small capitals for the smaller minority? Simply because of the State Printer's wise provision against the possibility of "running out of sorts." In the compositor's case there are relatively many more Roman letters than italics, and more italics than "small caps." In printing any list, or other matter calling for classification, the printer naturally uses the Roman for the class most numerous, the italics for the class less numerous and—if there is a third classification—the small caps for the class least numerous.

For the same practical reason the newspaper uses "small caps" in printing its own name, italics in printing the names of all other papers mentioned in its columns, and roman in printing words frequently used which are identical with the names of newspapers. The rule seemed to the early printers, and still seems, to be almost compelled by the myriad duplication in the names of newspapers along with the common use made of the same

names in other connections. Take for example the following sentence :

"The Register copied from the Record to show that the Mail was unreliable."

What Register? What Record? What Mail? These questions naturally arise. But suppose we are reading this same sentence in the first-named paper. It then reads : "The REGISTER copied from the Record to show that the Mail was unreliable." The reader then knows of a certainty that the newspaper referred to itself and not to the Official Register, not to some Register of Lands, or Register in Bankruptcy; and that the Record it referred to was not some official record, not some record of lands, but a newspaper of that name; and that the Mail referred to was not a newspaper of that name, but some particular Mail, as for instance the Fast Mail.

Take another sentence : "The Atlantic is scarcely more remote from China than is our own Midland." Without any special designation, who would know, unless the context directly indicated the meaning, whether the writer meant the Atlantic Ocean or the *Atlantic Monthly*; our Midland region or the MIDLAND MONTHLY? But should the sentence appear in this magazine, with the *Atlantic* italicised and

the MIDLAND in small capitals, nobody would be in the least confused.

Reference has been made to a partial discontinuance of this old custom. This innovation arises from a new necessity in certain quarters transcending the old concession to clearness of expression. The newspapers printed with the type-setting machines are about the only ones that have dropped the rule of italics and small capitals. In machine work the delay and expense of changing from Roman to italics and small caps is so great that printers are compelled to exchange clearness for speed in this particular.

It will thus be seen that there is a practical reason for the use of small capitals and italics; and, with the daily press of the cities, an equally practical reason for abandoning the rule, and that the jump at a conclusion in this particular case needlessly deprived one man of his favorite paper and unjustly robbed one newspaper of a subscriber. If our friend, the objector, were to return to his first love, he would find it had reformed in the one respect referred to, but would find its *ego* quite as well developed since its recent abandonment of the offending small caps as it was in the days of its hard struggle for existence.

MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

SOME NOTABLE NEW BOOKS.

Fortunate, indeed, the city which boasts such an historian as Grace King. To those who have read and enjoyed her sketches of Creole life and her "Balcony Stories," this volume will present the fresh interest of a discovery—that of finding a favorite story-writer in a new field. One has only to read a half-dozen pages of "New Orleans—The Place and The People,"* to learn that Miss King is as thoroughly at home, as charmingly entertaining, in discoursing of the varied life and history of the people of her city as she is in presenting them, singly, in delightful character sketches. The book is truly what it purports to be, a literary presentation of New Orleans and its people, past and present. And it is more than this—it is a

volume in which to learn the higher uses of historic writing. The text, so luminous in style, so fruitfully discursive, scarce needs the help of illustration. Yet this help is lavishly expended; cuts of historic buildings, street corners, quaint curios, odd *facades* enrich the pages. The book is one to be read and re-read and placed among one's treasures.

"A History of Oratory," beginning in its personal discussion with Andocides and ending with George William Curtis, is certainly "something new under the sun," and a history of oratory at all, is a novelty, at least, in our segment of the solar system. Preacher, lawyer, lecturer, public speaker and student will find in Professor Sears' work,† a book of rare interest and helpfulness.

*New Orleans—The Place and The People. Grace King. Macmillan & Co., New York.

†A History of Oratory, by Lorenzo Sears, L.H. D. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

The volume is very much what it ought to be, a succinct, scholarly discussion of the practice of the art of arts in all ages and among all peoples. It is not burdened with lengthy quotations,—for which the student will be duly grateful—and the author's point of view is that of the genuine historian.

FRANK W. CALKINS.

Where lies the charm of Keats's verse? Yet why should we seek to know? It should satisfy us to simply enjoy; and again and again enjoy. It should satisfy us, but it doesn't, so inquisitive are we book-reading mortals. Arlo Bates finds the charm in this poet's "thrilling sensitiveness to sensuous beauty." Lowell's surmise was that "Keats had rediscovered the delight and wonder that lay enchanted in the dictionary." Sidney Colvin thought it "probable that by power, as well as by temperament and aim, he was the most Shakespearean spirit that has lived since Shakespeare." Ruskin confesses he has come to that pass of admiration for Keats that he does not read him; it makes him so discontented with his own work! The latest of the Athenæum Press Series, "The Poems of John Keats,"* is a valuable contribution, in that it places within the reach of all the classic verse of Keats, accompanied by a delightful introduction and many helpful notes from the pen of that fine interpreter of noble verse, Mr. Arlo Bates. Re-reading Keats in the glow of Mr. Bates' enthusiasm, beauties stand out upon the pages that were not there before. In these days of easy book-making, volumes are thrown off by popular verse-writers without other premeditation than is afforded by a few weeks' jaunt or a summer's rest. Verily, they have their reward. But few of our vacation sonneteers and clever occasion-fillers can face the Twentieth Century and say with Keats, "I think I shall be among the English poets after my death." These two hundred and seventy-eight pages, which embody about all that Keats has left us worth preserving, include at least a dozen poems so subtly beautiful that the reader who at first finds anything in them feels drawn to them again and again, as one is attracted by the changing expression of a soulful face. It seems almost an impertinence to specify, and yet, having in mind the many young readers who follow the suggestions in these reviews, we need not hesitate to name, as chiefly worthy of re-reading: *Endymion*, *The Eve of Saint Agnes*, the fragment of *Hyperion*, the *Ode to a Nightingale*, the *Ode to a Gre-*

cian Urn, "I Stood Tip-toe upon a Little Hill," and the collection of sonnets. In the modern treatment of a classical theme, *Endymion* stands artistically preëminent.

No one can overestimate the value of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and no one can belittle that great work with scholars and with students. The New Americanized *Encyclopædia Britannica** is the latest tribute to the worth of the original work. Finding from actual experience in the field that there are very many who cannot afford to buy the larger work, and many more who cannot afford the time necessary to the study of exhaustive theses on subjects upon which they desire information, Mr. Sheldon put a competent force upon the task of reducing the work to meet the time limits of the busy man and the money limits of the poor man. The supervision of this work was undertaken by W. H. De Puy, D. D., LL.D., and a corps of eminent writers was organized as his assistants. But the task undertaken did not end with mere revision. It was found that there are hundreds of themes not mentioned by the original work which are of interest to American students and the American masses. Hence the necessity of much original research and new material. In the twelve well printed, profusely illustrated, and finely bound volumes, of the New Americanized *Encyclopædia*, as it now comes from the publisher, amended and revised down to date, more themes are treated than in the larger original work, and the cutting done has not been at a loss to the American reader. For example, the long description of Hertford, England, in the original work, is condensed from several columns into two-thirds of a column, the condensation embodying all the essential facts which are likely to be desired by the American student or reader. The home without an encyclopædia is as incomplete as the home without a magazine, or the home newspaper. The compact form of this work, and its low price, as now offered,† must appeal to the general public. The entrance of a good encyclopædia into a home is an event in the home life.

"If only grandest poets sing
There'd be no simple little rhymes."

Thus modestly sings Nixon Waterman in the Proem to his "Home-Made Poems."‡ Not with the mock modesty of the self-centered writer bidding for praise,

*A. F. Sheldon & Co., Chicago, Publishers.

†\$24.00, \$20.50, and \$13.00. See announcement in this number.

‡Some Home-Made Poems. The Greenleaf Company, Boston and Chicago.

*Ginn & Company, Publishers, Boston, \$1.00.

but apparently with a just conception of his own limitations. There isn't a great poem between the pretty covers of this book; but, carrying out the thought of the Proem, because there is not a single nightingale in our groves, shall we therefore refuse a home in our hearts for the wrens? But Nixon Waterman does not always sing — nor do the wrens. There is, however, in this poet's commonest rhymes a suggestion of song which compels one to listen. Among the best, because most heartfelt, of the Waterman poems are: "An Old Man's Love," "When the Train Comes In," (a village picture in dialect verse,) "A Robin's Song at Daybreak," "Love and Reason," "Our Dark-day Friends," and "When Grandma Shuts her Eyes."

Among the young writers of the Middle-West, few give as much promise as Mr. Percival Pollard of Chicago. We could not have spoken with such positiveness had we not read this author's latest novel, "Cape of Storms."* Were one to judge him by some of the sketches which have recently appeared over his signature, he might hastily conclude that Mr. Pollard was hopelessly bohemian in his literary tastes. But this novel reveals a deeper, richer nature than any which Bohemia can permanently satisfy. The name of the novel was suggested by an unknown author who wrote of a Cape of Storms in man's life, "the which to pass safely is delightful fortune, and on which to be wrecked is the common fate." The story is of the advent of a young country boy in Chicago bohemian life and in Chicago society, of a new and forbidden love that does not thrive and an old and true love that reasserts itself, redeeming the young man and ennobling him. It also presents a vivid picture of life at German resorts frequented by Americans. It enters Chicago Bohemia and reveals the open yet ever interesting secrets of the sad, try-to-be-gay men of the world, who haunt its courts. It strikingly pictures the several fads and follies of the time and introduces the reader to some very clever people. Its dialogue is in the main bright and witty. Its best drawn character is that of Mrs. Stewart, a leader in Chicago's smart set, who took up Dick Lancaster, the hero of the tale, and made him a social success. This lady's first refusal to be his lover was coldly tactful; her second refusal — after having become a widow — was pathetic and, in the highest sense, womanly. The story of Dorothy Ware is well told. The chapter describ-

ing her peril in the hands of the unprincipled Wooton is a rare piece of descriptive writing. The artistic development of Dorothy from a narrow-viewed girl into a woman of strong character and positive charm is wrought out without boring the reader with analysis. The dangerous ground upon which the author enters at times is trod with the firm step of one who comprehends the danger and has no thought of a betrayal of the reader's confidence. The story ends in a way to gratify the reader's moral as well as artistic sense. As the ordinary love play nears the happy end, the audience begin to put on wraps, and before the curtain falls there is a movement toward the doors. But the reader complacently follows "Cape of Storms" to the very last line of the last page. The two striking defects of the book are careless revision and proof-reading, and the lugging in of real and easily recognizable personages as "walking gentlemen," apparently for the one purpose of flaying them. Mr. Pollard's book only needs the word from some reputation-maker — such as Miss Harraden is said to have drawn from Mr. Gladstone — to speedily exhaust the first edition and several editions besides.

When a man applies the term "practical" to his own ideas, his neighbors usually look from one to another as if saying, "Now look out for something not at all practical." "Education and Practical Common Sense," by H. Durand,* comes at us in like questionable shape. We find the old fashioned virtues and some of the new fashioned ones here presented, the former with vigor, the latter, with originality at least. Accepting without question most that we here find, we come to a standstill before the chapter endorsing the Malthusian theory; and when we come to the statement that "there are three things for us to worship above all others; first, our Divine Creator; second, the sun; and third, capitalists," we turn back to the beginning of the book vainly hoping to find the author's picture, that we may the better guess as to what sort of a man is behind the book, a flippant jester or an earnest believer in the limited omnipotence of capital as a promoter of the enterprises the prosperity of which mean everything in our business world. There is much in this little book which strongly presents to the young the soundness of morality, the noble independence of absolute honesty and the joys of pure love.

*The Echo Publishing Co., Chicago.

*P. F. Pettibone & Co., Chicago, 25 cents.

The second volume of Macmillan's Novelists' Library opens with Mr. Crawford's "A Roman Singer,"* one of the early successes of that popular author. The public associates paper-covered novels with solid, machine-set type and gray-white paper; but this series is handsomely printed on clear white paper.

The critic who is on the lookout for another Western attempt at reproduction of Horatian odes and Theocritan idyls need waste no time on "The River Bend and Other Poems," by Tacitus Hussey.† But all who enjoy heart poetry and verse which brings one into closer communion with nature in her varying moods, and, too, verse which will vividly bring back scenes of pioneer life in Indiana, and in the new Hoosierdom beyond the Mississippi, will find, in this neatly printed and bound and prettily illustrated book before us, much recreation and many renewals of youth. Mr. Hussey's verse is uneven—sometimes faultlessly rhythmical and delicately poetical; at other times, rough, halting, and prosaic. But a book of poems is well worth handling if it contains only here and there a verse full of real poetry. "The River Bend and Other Poems" contains a wealth of vivid description and of healthful sentiment. What could be more poetical than the Proem to this book:

I saw a spider spin a slender thread,
From his small spinnaret, floating free;
How busily he wrought, as on it sped—
I stood and wondered what his aim could be.
And from his lowly workshop on the ground,
Breeze-wafted, his tiny line rose higher,
And, fast 'ning to a loftier shrub, he found
By climbing, he could win his heart's desire.
Then, from the higher vantage ground, spun
he
A longer thread, which soared high in the
air,
And, wind-directed, touched a tall oak tree,
Which caught it tenderly, and held it there.
So, like the spider, I have spun some lines
Out on an unknown world, maybe, for naught;
But trembling, hope that—if your heart inclines—
You'll be the oak, on which they've firmly
caught.

It is impossible to pass the dedicatory poem without quoting at least the first stanza:

To her, who through life's sun and shade,
In summer's heat, in winter's cold,
Since paths together have been laid
To walk, until Life's tale is told;
To her, the true and loving wife,
Whose presence brightened many a mile
Upon the tortuous way of life,
Who always met me with a smile.

The beautiful titular poem is familiar to readers of this magazine.‡

*Macmillan & Co., New York. 50 cents.

†Carter & Hussey, Des Moines, \$1.00.

‡In THE MIDLAND of July, 1896.

What joy, upon the dancing stream,
Under the sweeping paddle's play,
'Neath tinted sky from sunset's gleam,
Where water-lilies lie and dream,
Awaiting the soft touch of day,
To voyage in a light canoe,
In which there's only room for two.

That is a fine tribute which the ex-Hoosier pays to Hoosier Land:

—"Loved Hoosier Land,
With rivers, lakes and forests grand,
Our thoughts are turning back to thee,
And in our vision still can see
The old well-sweep, the cabins low,
Our happy homes of long ago!

"My Lady's Violin" is an exquisite bit of amatory verse.

"A Spring Beauty" is a real gem of child poetry, contributed at a time when the country is flooded with vain repetitions of Eugene Field's sweet verse. It begins:

Hey, little lily girl!
Has mama turned you out to grass,
Where breezes fan you as they pass,
And sun can kiss you, little lass?
Hey, little lily girl!

It then continues:

Were I the sun, I'd kiss your head,
And tint your cheeks with dainty red,
And paint your lips like scarlet thread.

And then again:

Were I the breeze, with fingers bold
I'd tangle up your locks of gold,
And hear your mama gently scold!
Hey, little lily girl!

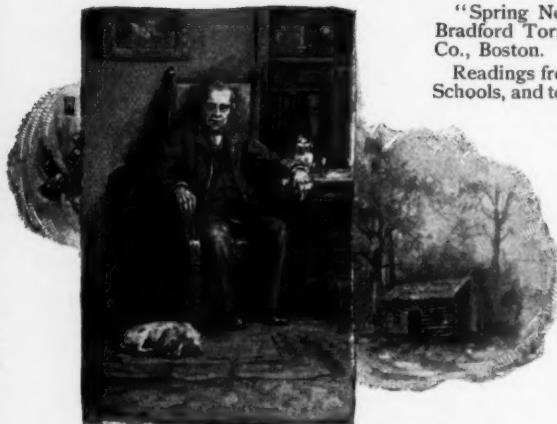
Among the many dialect poems in the book, we select "The Homesick Hoosier," as perhaps the most characteristic of the author's humor, akin to pathos, and yet inclined to disclaim the relationship:

I've been thinkin', lately, thinkin' of my old
home in Indianny,
An' the cabin 'mid the beech wood, 'bout
forty years gone past;
An' I've tried to pictur' in my mind the many,
many changes,
Though I like to think her over jest as I
saw her last.

I'd like so much again to hear the old cock
pheasant "drummin'."
In the thicket, on the old log, he used from
day to day:
That was his idee of courtin'—but don't let
him hear you comin'
Er he'll slip down in the hazel bresh and
hide himself away.

En I want to go onct more to a good old-
fashioned sugarin'
En watch it's granulations as the "stirrin'
paddle" whirles
En when you talk of sweetness, I hev lost my
reckolecshun
As to jest how I decided—'twixt the sugar
an' the girls.

En if it wasn't wicked, I'd like to, jest onct
more,
Step off "Money Musk," or "Chase the
Squirrel," upon a puncheon floor;
I never keerd fer waitzin, to the fiddle's
witchin' sound—
You kin hug a gal much better when she
haint a "bobbin' round!"



Drawing by Clara Hendricks, in "The River Bend and Other Poems."

An' I want to jest set down to a good old-fashioned dinner;
Corn pone and billed pertaters, "chicken fixins" on the right,
Corn beef and cabbage, jowl an' greens, with artichokes an' onions;
Roast pig with apple sass, or jell—an' everything in sight.

Ef everything's before ye, ye can make some calkerlation,
An' kinder map out in your mind jest what yer want to do;
But when there's only dishes, ye kaint make prognostication
Regardin' what you're goin' to hev—ontil ye most get through.

I never could get onto this new-fangled way of feedin',
Fetchin' a little, timid like, as ef they thought 'twas pore;
En when ye'd settled down on somethin' suited to your eatin',
Whisk off the dishes, knives an' forks, an' fetch along some more;

En settin' at the table, mebbe, 'bout three hours or over,
En changin' dishes 'leven times, an' poppin' campaign corks—
Ef I was mowin' hay away as bizzy as tar-nation,
Ye bet I wouldn't want to stop an' be a changin' forks!

I kin count my herds of cattle by the thousand, on the hillside,
Perarle land by sections, household treasures money couldn't buy—
But ef I had the calm content of that cabin in the beech wood
I wouldn't swap it off—not for mansions in the sky!

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Some of the Rhymes of Ironquill." Fifth edition. Crane & Co., Topeka, Kansas.

"A Bundle of Twigs," by Hester V. Cummins. Telegraphers' Pub. Co., Vinton, Iowa.

"Spring Notes From Tennessee," by Bradford Torrey. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

Readings from the Bible, Selected for Schools, and to be Read in Unison. Under supervision of the Chicago Woman's Educational Society. Scott, Foreman & Co., Chicago. 30 cents.

"Pirate Gold," by F. S. Stimson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

AMONG THE AUTHORS.

Mr. Charles A. Gray, the well-known Chicago artist, whose illustrated paper on Newspaper Illustrating will be pleasantly recalled by readers of the November MIDLAND, and whose pen portraiture in this magazine, notably of General Sherman (June, 1894), and of William E. Gladstone (November, 1895), has never been surpassed by any artist in any magazine, is preparing an illustrated paper for THE MIDLAND on Violin-Making, which will have an added interest from the fact that the artist is himself a collector of rare violins. The *Chicago Record* of April 13 says of the original drawing from which THE MIDLAND engraving of Gladstone was made:

Mr. Gladstone, upon receipt of a pen-and-ink drawing which Charles Gray had made from Gladstone's favorite photograph, sent the Chicago artist a written word of commendation and praised the remarkable quality of the drawing as well as the resemblance the sketch bore to the original.

It adds:

Mr. Field's portrait, which Mr. Gray has just completed, is an excellent likeness, preserving many of the gentle and impressive characteristics of the poet's interesting face. Mrs. Field has expressed perfect satisfaction in the Gray portrait and has given permission for its acceptance by a club wishing to honor Mr. Field.

Mr. Gray has latterly taken up portraits in oil, and with a marked degree of success.

Mr. J. Albert Smith, author of "Piety Corners," in this number, is one of the most promising of the many new writers in the Middle-West. His home is Lincoln, Kansas. He has wisely dropped the *nom de plume* "Birch Hardwicke," under which he contributed the prize story, "In de Glory Land," published in THE MIDLAND of January, 1895. The next story from his pen which will appear in this magazine is a delightfully humorous love story entitled "The Widower's Wooing."

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